

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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Vol. VI

NOVEMBER 1900

No. 4

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"'I'll pay,' the captain gasped." —"Senator Jerry Watkins."—p. 291

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SENATOR JERRY WATKINS

By J. LINCOLN STEFFENS

A HIGH-BRED horse reached out down the white country road at full speed. In the neat yellow wagon behind, the Hon. Jerry Watkins sat quiet and comfortable, his stooping shoulders hanging at ease over his knees. Only his hands on the reins and his eyes on the road ahead were alert, and they suggested no intensity. The young farmer was in no hurry. He always drove like that, in a buggy or in politics or in business. Things scrambled under him like the gravel scattered by his horse's hoofs; he himself moved serene over the rush like the loafing cloud of dust that floated off behind his spinning, soundless wagon.

When he entered the little town of Mackin, he pulled down gently till at the hotel the trotter stopped from a walk. There was a stir in the barroom, and faces he knew looked out of the windows a second, disappearing to let others come and go in like fashion. Jamison, the old hostler, came out from the backyard.

"How d' do, Senator," he said, chuckling at the title.

"Lo, Jamison."

Watkins, standing up, threw his lap robe over the horse, and Jamison caught and drew it snug.

"Careful with her, Jamison. Sometimes I think she's the best thing I got."

"That she be to look at," said Jamison. "You needn't help."

Watkins was unhitching on one side, Jamison on the other.

"What's up?" asked the farmer.

"Not much, only you told me to be sure to let you know of any change. So I sent up for you to come in."

"Yes?"

"Well, they say they've got you beat.

They don't believe that, no more'n I do or you, but maybe they might cut your majority down and——"

"Who's doing it?"

"Everybody thinks it's the Methodist minister, but it ain't. I guess maybe you'll have to look to him a little, but the real cuss is Billy Babbs. The minister says a lot out loud, but Billy principally don't say nothin' at all, but the things he don't say is the things that count. I've always noticed how as that's the way——"

"Billy Babbs, eh? I didn't know he was old enough to vote."

"He didn't used to be, but lambs do grow up, and if you don't eat 'em when they're young you got to shear 'em when they're big."

"Do you know what Babbs wants?"

Jamison laughed. He took the mare by the head and, looking back to see that Mr. Watkins had hold of the shaft, led the animal off to the stable. Watkins followed and waited while his friend stripped off the harness, quickly relaid the blanket and then fetched his scraper.

"Billy Babbs do want something. I don't know what it is," said Jamison, chuckling, as he scraped the sweat from the sleek coat of the horse. But the funniest thing is how I come to know that he wants somethin'. You guess."

Watkins waited. Jamison pushed the sweat off the scraper with his thumb.

"He told me."

"Told you? Then he knows you and I——"

"That's just what he knows. He ain't no fool, Babbs ain't. He must have noticed something 'cause he comes up to me and he says, says he, 'The trouble with Watkins

is,' says he, 'that he thinks men is different from horses,' he says. 'Watkins knows,' says he, 'that one horse will pull a plough every day on just plain every-day hay and he knows that another horse has to have oats to pull a yellow wagon,' he says, 'once in a while.' An' I says to him, 'Well,' says

keeps sayin' that that city police captain that was up here last summer told him that country politicians was no better'n city politicians, an' that when he instanced you as a man of purity and honor, and an example to the Assembly at Albany, he says the police captain nearly busted himself wide open laughin'."

Watkins turned and left the stable, but Jamison saw his shoulders shaking and the stableman chuckled.

Jerry Watkins went in to the hotel. It was about sundown, and when he entered the barroom he was in a crowd, a quiet crowd. He had heard the men talking and laughing noisily as he passed under the window, and by the silence he knew that the talk had been of him. Most of them pushed up to shake his hand now, but some came guiltily and others hung back. These laggards clung close to Billy Babbs. However, everybody lined up when Watkins waved them to the bar.

"I understand," said Watkins in the pause that followed the giving and filling of orders. "I understand that some people in this town think they can beat me."

Something like an electric current ran around the room, and men dropped their eyes with a hang-dog look, or stared at Watkins fascinated. He seemed great to them then. But Mr. Watkins caught a contemptuous smile on the round, rosy face of Billy Babbs, and he spoke to that.

"Those people are mistaken. Those very people will vote for Jeremiah Watkins for the Senate, and to the Senate Jeremiah Watkins will go."

Every eye was on the speaker now, and all were in his power, except young Babbs, who stuck his tongue in one cheek.

"I have served this district in the Assembly, and while I represented it no city scamp got ahead of me. None ever will. Jerry Watkins knows a man as well as a horse, and——"

Babbs' face straightened at last.

"But enough said," said Watkins. "I



"I tell you, Senator, that boy Babbs is worth feeling under the fetlocks of. If I was you I'd drive him a mile and see how he goes."

I, 'I've always noticed as how the Hon. Jeremiah Watkins,' I says, 'never buys no horse without he's tried him.' "

Jamison paused. He knocked the scraper against a stall post, then stood up and faced the candidate.

"Billy Babbs up and said—what d'ye think he said? 'I know one horse,' he says, 'that Jerry Watkins bought by tryin' it in another man's buggy, and,' he says, 'it's th' best horse he's got now.' And he meant this little mare right here."

Jamison laid his hand on the mare, folded down the blanket and led the animal into the stall.

"I tell you, Senator, that boy Babbs is worth feeling under the fetlocks of. If I was you I'd drive him a mile and see how he goes. I've always noticed——"

"But how about the preacher?"

Jamison lifted his hands, a bucket in one, a sponge in the other, to express his mild despair.

"I can't give ye no advice about him. Pacers are out of my line. All I know is he

came to town this evening to buy a horse, not to make a speech. Here's to the best friend I'm ever going to have."

There was a pause of wonder. Watkins drank, however, his soda straight, and the others swallowed their stuff.

"Good-night," said the candidate, and he tramped out, the crowd's eyes on the arched back of the stooping farmer politician.

"Gee-whilikens, but he is some," said the old hotel keeper behind the bar.

"I've always noticed," said Jamison, coming in out of the store where he'd been watching, "that, somehow, no matter how cool the water is on their bellies, when the cows hear the voice o' the milker calling 'co', boss, co', boss', them cows do come down along out o' the pastures meek as ye please and patient to be milked."

Babbs laughed at this sally, and slowly loafed out of the room upon the veranda. He looked up and down Main street, then went easily down toward the post-office. Watkins was there running over his small mail. Babbs walked up the steps as if to pass in.

"What do you want?"

Watkins put his question hard and sharp,

and when Babbs looked at him, their eyes met and held fast.

"I want this here post-office," said Babbs, level-toned.

"You can't have it. It's Wally Smith's. I got it for him and he can have it as long as he's a friend of mine."

"He ain't no use as a post-master, and he ain't no use as your organization leader."

"He was a good leader in his day. He's good enough for the post-office now and I'll see him through as post-master."

"That settles it."

"That settles it so far as Smith goes and the post-office. What's the next best word with you, Billy Babbs?"

"I'll take the leadership in town and a clerkship at Albany."

"I always try a horse before I buy him—I'll give ye the clerkship at Albany this winter and study your gait."

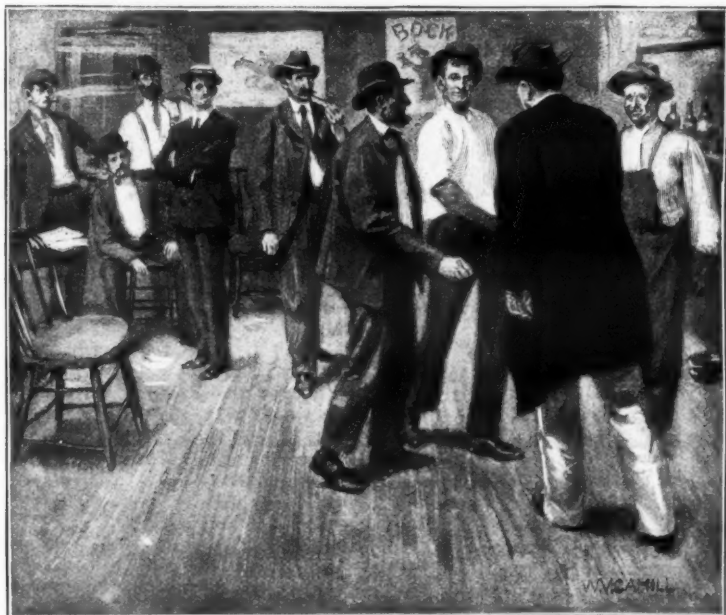
"Done, Jerry Watkins."

Babbs' hand was out, and the two men gripped.

"Now, then," said Watkins, "I want that minister——"

"I'll get him," said Babbs.

"No, you get that New York policeman, and I'll take care of the minister."



"Most of them pushed up to shake his hand now, but some came guiltily and others hung back."

Babbs didn't understand, and in that instant they became master and man.

"I'll explain next winter," said Watkins. "Good-night."

Babbs watched the farmer across the street, saw him pass under the trees into the minister's garden, then the village politician returned rapidly to the hotel and went to work slowly undoing all that he had done.

Watkins was received promptly by the clergyman, who, though a little nervous, was very severe. He did not ask Watkins to sit down, he stood waiting for him to name his business. He did not have long to wait.

"Mr Clayton," said the candidate, "I have come here to-night to say to you only this: 'I am a young man and a busy man, with a big farm to take care of, a good, gentle little woman for a wife and a bright baby boy to keep a home and a name for. Part of my time, sir, I give as an American citizen to the state, part of my earnings, all of my ability and conscience I throw in. I expect, Mr. Clayton, to offer up also a part of my reputation to the calumnies of the city politicians who hate me. But, sir, I demand that among men like you, and here, where I live, my good name shall be preserved for—my son.'"

The minister's hands were uplifting, his mouth was open, his heart— But Mr. Watkins was gone.

"My dear man—my good man—I——"

The stooping shoulders dipped down into the night.

Babbs found his work very easy. Mr. Clayton came right around, so fast indeed that he seemed to everybody to have brought Babbs around. At any rate, they labored together, and Senator Watkins received more votes than Assemblyman Watkins ever did. Mr. Clayton couldn't get a chance to express his feelings to Watkins completely. Somehow, the Senator never would let him.

"You have found me a man, Mr. Clayton," the Senator said at the post-office before a lot of townspeople one day after election. "I mean your Billy Babbs, and that makes up for all. I'm going to take Babbs to Albany with me."

Billy Babbs soon began to lose his own identity in his hero-worship of Watkins, and in the Senate that winter where he saw so many older men, men drilled by experience in the ways of the politician, the quiet skill and firm forcefulness of "Farmer Watkins," as the city men called his master, were daily pleasures to him. Both of them were very busy and their paths were different, but they

crossed frequently and the things Babbs saw Watkins do or heard of his doing, set him marveling about those which never came to light. Watkins kept his own counsel. He seldom used Babbs for his private business, and though they were accustomed to sit alone together after committee meetings, Watkins did not talk. He'd sit there and smoke, while Babbs performed his clerical functions.

Once he said, "I see you are catching on, Babbs." This was one day early in the session when the clerk had executed his first bit of private business. Another time he said, "You'll do, I guess, Babbs. But be careful, boy, careful. Moderation is good in all things." And as this comment came at the close of Billy's second stroke on his own account, the clerk was startled at what seemed like omniscience. After that, however, the Senator took no more notice of Babbs' private affairs, except once when he warned him against a certain lobbyist.

"That man," said Watkins, "was never an honest man; so you can't trust him even in politics. I believe that a man should begin right, descend gradually with sincere regret at each step."

The most conspicuous piece of legislation of the session was a police bill. The police force of New York was against it, and Babbs was interested in it for several reasons; because everybody else was; because of the newspaper talk of bribery; because of the figure Senator Watkins cut in all the gossip about it, and because the police captain who had spent the summer at Mackin was one of the department committee which appeared frequently at Albany in opposition to the bill.

"Police Raise a Fund," was one of the newspaper headings, and the sum named was to Babbs incredibly large. Then, though the bill was a party measure, the correspondent predicted its defeat because five senators of the majority party were said to be pledged against it. Senator Watkins was one of these, but the "Farmer Senator is doubtful," they said. "He would not hesitate to bolt the caucus, since he owns his district and cares nothing for the organization, but it is said that he has a grudge which dates back to his first term in the Assembly against a prominent police official."

Babbs thought he knew about that grudge. The date of its origin did not tally with his idea, but he remembered a remark he once heard the Senator drop to some newspaper men: "You boys never can get both the

truth and the facts at the same time. I've seen you hit the truth on the head, but then you had the facts wrong. And I've seen you possessed of the facts, but then you missed the truth. I don't know why this is so, but it is; it's both the fact and the truth."

Babbs understood with this light that the newspapers were hitting the truth on the head, and he had the facts right. Something was missing. Watkins made it clearer.

The Senator was sitting in the committee room late one afternoon, silent as usual, and Babbs was hard at work. It was toward the end of the session, and there was much to do. Besides, he was so used to the still presence of his Senator that he could be simply comforted unconsciously by it.

"Babbs," said Watkins, without looking around. "You remember that police captain that came near costing me votes up our way last summer?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember I was to get the minister and you were to get the captain?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got the minister."

"Yes."

"Well, you want to be spry about your part. We're on the homestretch of that mile

of yours. The police bill is up to the Senate, and we vote to-night."

"I know that, but——"

"My vote isn't pledged yet."

Watkins turned up out of his chair and humped clumsily through the door out into the lobby.

Billy Babbs sat there helpless, staring at the open door. He did not know what to do; he could not think what to do. "There's never but one right thing to do in any case," the Senator often said, "and that's always plain before you." This Babbs remembered, and he looked straight before him as if to see the right thing. As he stared men passed to and fro, statesmen, lobbyists, visitors, clerks, reporters, but nothing appeared to Babbs' searching mind. His eyes saw a person stop at the door, and the person looked in. Gradually



"I mean," he said, "that here's—two thousand dollars for to make it all right with him you're next to. See?"

Labbs' mind took up the image and grasped it. It was the police captain.

"All alone?"

"Come in, captain; come in and set down."

The captain closed the door and then recalled little incidents of his summer vacation. They laughed at them all. Babbs was himself again. It was the captain who was

uneasy; he was seeking some right thing to do, probably.

"They are saying around here that you have a pull with Senator Watkins," the stout, clean, shiny man was saying.

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Babbs. "We hail from the same place, and all that, but I don't know as anybody can claim to pull Mr. Watkins around very much."

"Well, see here. I'm up here to beat this police bill. It's worth a lot to us to do it. We're pretty near all right on it, too, but we got to have one more vote in the Senate. Now, I'm in a box, I am. You know—it seems something I said to somebody last summer sort o' queered Watkins up in his district. I didn't mean to do no harm. That's certain. But you know how it is when a fellow's off on a vacation. He lets everything go. We keep up our front all the year round in the city, think this and do that, and say the other till you'd think it was second nature. But up I goes to the country and runs plumb off my trolley, forgetting the whole game, and, of course, I breaks something. Now, then, I dasen't tell a soul what it is. But you know and Watkins—he knows. He won't listen to me. I can't get a word with him. He just has it in for me, and there I am. Now, what can I do?"

"D'ye try writing an apology to him?"

"Write! Hully gee, I never put nothing on paper. And, oh, say, neither do you. You're a joker, you are. Ha, ha. Sometimes I think you farm—you up-state fellers is slicker than we are. But say, honest, now, what can I do?"

"I don't know," said Babbs. "What do you want to do?"

"I want to do the right thing. That's what I want to do. We're safe all right here? Well, here's my proposition: We raised a fund for expenses. Some of it's spent. Some of it's placed where it'll count. Just oil, you know. Then there's the votes in doubt in the Senate. It's all straight sailing but one, and the part that was meant for that one is waitin' to be took."

"How do you mean?"

The captain drew out a roll of bills.

"I mean," he said, "that here's—two thousand dollars for to make it all right with him you're next to. See?"

The captain laid the money upon the desk, and he rose, put out his hand to Babbs, who shook it.

"That's all I wanted, and I tell you, Mr. Babbs, I am obliged to you and so is the

New York police. You come to town some day or some night and the town'll come half way to meet you."

The captain went out. The money lay there and was by all the rules of Albany accepted, but Babbs stared at it, till suddenly he seized it and put it in his desk. Then he reache'd in and took it out again, thrusting it into his pocket. Putting on his coat and hat, he ran out, slowed down promptly to a walk and went deliberately in search of Senator Watkins.

The Senator was finishing his dinner in the hotel when Babbs came in.

"Hotel afire?" asked Watkins.

Babbs laughed, and all his nervousness passed away, leaving only a little earnestness behind.

"No," he said, "but I got that police captain; or he got me. I don't know which."

"That's important," Watkins said, and he began to peel an orange with his thumbs.

"I guess it is, but I don't know how to tell."

Watkins' face was all twisted with the pain of the spattering juice of the peel. Babbs told his story.

"He came in right after you left, and said you wouldn't let him talk to you, so he'd heard of me being next to you, and—well, he laid down two thousand dollars which I understood he meant for you."

"For me!" The Senator stayed a quarter of orange near his mouth. "For me?"

"So I understood it, for your vote against the police bill."

Watkins laughed quietly, bodily.

"I see. You didn't know whether the captain had you or you had him, so you—See here, Babbs, as I size it up, you've got him and he's got you, but neither of you has got me. Nobody's got me."

Billy Babbs looked as if he had been struck in the face. He sat staring at the gentleman from Mackin, whose face changed back and forth from amusement to severity.

"What'll I do?"

This came more like a prayer than a question from Babbs, and Watkins dried his hands, folded up his napkin and rose before he answered.

"Nothing, Babbs. I don't see anything. But whatever you do, remember you're not postmaster of Mackin yet, so don't you be handling my mail."

He stared away, but stopped.

"And Babbs, here's a pretty good rule. I got it from old Jamison, up home: 'When

your hand don't find nothin' to do, do it with all your might.' "

Now, Babbs had learned that when Mr. Watkins gave a general rule for conduct, he meant it for a particular direction, so the clerk was relieved and, though greatly perplexed, he ate his dinner in peace, and after a cigar returned to his committee room. There he worked till it was about time for a vote on the police bill. Then he went into the Senate.

The space back of the rail was crowded. He recognized men who had been pointed out to him as policy dealers, gamblers, police lawyers, big Tammany politicians, other politicians as bad, better and worse, and back of Senator Watkins' seat stood his police captain. The Senator was tilted back at ease. The last speech was coming to a beautiful close.

Babbs stood well back to watch. His captain's face wore a hunted expression, and by the direction of his fixed gaze one would have thought the stoop-shouldered Senator in the back seat was the hunter. But Watkins was above suspicion. He looked sleepy, bored and innocent.

"The clerk will call the roll."

With a ringing voice, the clerk began to read the names.

Watkins wheeled around deliberately and rolled off of his chair. He came slowly up to the captain, who pushed against the rail, wet his mouth, smiled and leaned eagerly forward.

"I hope you're with us to-night, Senator."

The Senator froze him.

"You fellows raised a fund to beat this bill," he said, quietly. "You brought \$50,000 up here, and you have paid \$5,000 each for four votes. Some more you have blown in around town and up here. You gave a man who you thought was authorized to act for me two thousand dollars. He may keep it. I wouldn't touch it."

The captain almost stopped being. The clerk's one tone rolled along a level, and the answers leaped at it, "aye," "no" all up and down the scale, a grumbling bass, a piping scream, a thud, a roar, a treble yelp, a yap, a gentle echo. The roll was calling swiftly. They were in the m's, the n's.

"I want \$10,000."

The captain started. The clerk called the o's, no p's, no q's, the r's.

"I want \$5,000, just as every other Senator got who never was injured by you."

"Yes, Senator. That's——"

The t's.

"And I want \$5,000 out of you."

There were no u's, one v, the w's.

"Watkins."

No answer came. Everybody was watching, everybody knew that vote might decide. Even the clerk glanced up. The captain was flushed. Only the Senator was cool. He was shaking his finger in the captain's face.

"Watkins," the clerk called again.

There was no answer, and the roll proceeded.

"But, Senator—yes, I will, but——"

"I want to give part of the money to Mr. Clayton's church."

"But, Senator, won't you hear?"

"Nothing. You simply tried to do me and I'm getting square. What I get will come on'y out of your own pocket, what you hoped to soak away to—— I must vote."

The clerk was calling the names of the absentees.

"Watkins!"

"I'll pay," the captain gasped.

"No." The Senator voted calmly.

The house applauded, the crowd joined in with clapping hands. The president checked the demonstration, but the triumph counted on the tally kept all over the house, murmured through the thick air. The police bill was dead. Watkins was lolling all heaped up in his seat again, and the captain, turning to rush out into the lobby for air, came face to face with Babbs.

"Do I see you about the ten thousand?"

"Ten thousand! I guess not," said the clerk.

"No, I guess not, too," and the captain hastened on.

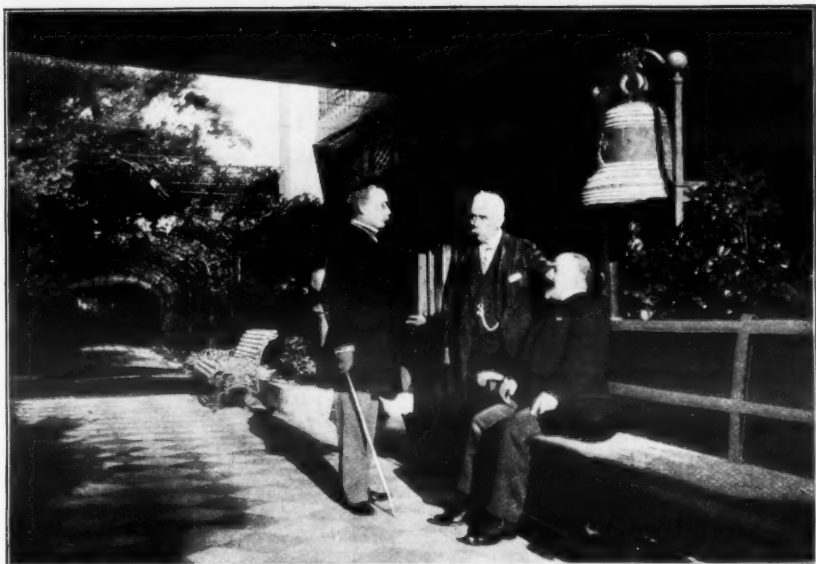
The Senate was adjourning. Babbs waited till the Senator came out, helped him on with his overcoat and they went out together. Half way down the Capitol Hill the Senator said:

"I think you will see, now you have done your mile, Babbs, that no matter how good a colt may be, perfect action is a matter of training."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Wally Smith and old Jamison, though they've never been out of Mackin, are pretty good trainers for a two-year-old."

"All right, Senator."



Patio of the Quinta del Evans, at Montevideo, Uruguay.

Mr. Evans in the centre; Manuel Bottini, his successor, sitting down; Capt. John M. Hawley, U. S. S. *Hartford*, on the left. The large bell seen in the picture is a relic of the Paraguayan war. It was brought to Montevideo by the army of Uruguay. Before the capture of the bell it hung in a Paraguayan church for two hundred years.

YANKEE MILLIONAIRES IN SOUTH AMERICA

By DOUGLAS WHITE

SOUTH AMERICA has never been a spot where Yankee capital has found an extensive outlet. The difference in language has been a powerful bar to close association, and many instances of failure have marked the attempts of capitalists to seize what seemed to be promising opportunities. Some of these failures have been caused by a lack of knowledge on the part of the manipulators; many have resulted from shrewd deals on the part of the native South Americans. On account of these conditions men of means have lately been extremely shy when approached on any enterprise depending upon the countries of South America for success.

But in spite of that there are North Americans who have grown extremely wealthy in these far-away parts of the world, some working with a capital carried into the country, but most of them having built up

their colossal fortunes from practically a beginning on nothing save energy and grit. That they succeeded is proof positive of other successes yet to be made in these same countries. Every one of the republics presents opportunities. So far the Briton and the German have seized most of the chances which South America has offered. It is to be hoped that some day there will come a change, and instead of a handful of Americans of wealth, the markets of South America will be dominated by our countrymen.

The most successful North American in Chile, and probably the wealthiest of all the Yankees who have sought fortune in the southern continent is George B. Chace, known in the mineral markets of the world as "Chile's Silver King."

But Mr. Chace was not always a Croesus. Thirty-five years ago he left California after

a long and futile search for a paying prospect. In 1865, he landed at Iquique, Peru. From there he went to Tarapaca, Chile, where he got work in the nitrate beds. He made friends with old Padre Miguel, who read mass in the little church at Pozo Almonte, a little town in the interior, surrounded by the great nitrate deposits. The priest taught Chace the Spanish language and helped him to acquire an acquaintance with the geography of the locality. As soon as Chace had laid aside sufficient from his earnings he would start on a prospecting tour. For nine years he searched and toiled in vain. Chace was beginning to lose heart. One day when he was talking to Padre Miguel about his luck, the old priest told him of a wonderful silver mine in the neighborhood that had been worked by the Spaniards a hundred years before. "Where was this wonderful mine?" was Chace's first query. And the old priest told of its location somewhere to the northwest of Pozo

Almonte, exactly where Miguel could not say, but if memory served him rightly, there was among the archives of the little church a map of the mine's location. The Spanish discoverers in their gratitude had given to the church an interest in their fortunate find, and with much devotion christened it "El Minas de San Pedro y San Pablo" (The Mine of St. Peter and St. Paul.) So it happened that the map was

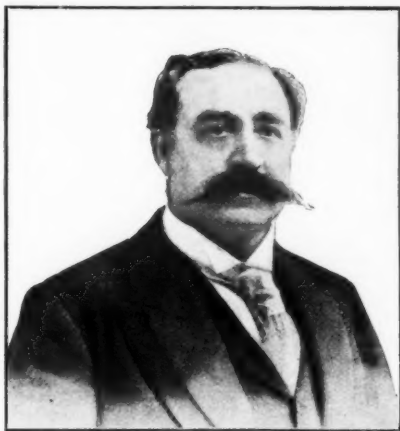
filed in the old church at the corner of Pozo Almonte's plaza. The old priest gladly promised to look up this map on the morrow.

The following day from the church's archives was brought an old sheet of parchment, yellow with age, traced with the rough outline of a mining location. Down in the corner were the names of the original owners, the date of discovery, and the dedi-



Thomas W. Howard.

An American millionaire of Montevideo, who made his fortune in Chile.



George B. Chace, "Chile's Silver King."

After failing as a prospector in California, Mr. Chace went to Chile in 1865. He is now the richest man from the United States in South America. He can draw on the Bank of England for £500,000.

cation of a portion of the mine's production to the church. One line, and one only, gave anything like a distinct clew by which the mine might be traced, and that was a straggling mark stated to be the road to Huantajaya.

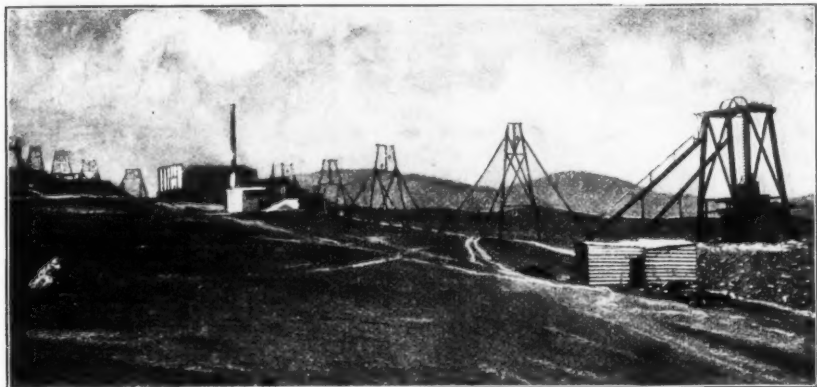
Chace presented a request for a tracing of the map, the padre accommodated him, and with the next dawn the prospector was away on his search.

The antique map-makers had drafted better than first appearances indicated, and, further to aid the seeker after wealth, there had been no change in the trail leading from Huantajaya past the mine's location. Fortune was at last with the Yankee miner. Inside of three days his pick was delving into the abandoned and forgotten pile of tailings. The mine itself was uncovered from the midst of a thick growth of underbrush. Delirious with his great find, Chace made his way back to Pozo Almonte and thence to the coast.

An assay proved that the half-worked

tailings of the San Pedro y San Pablo were richer than many original discoveries, and it was not a hard matter to secure the required capital for working the find. But the good fortune did not end in the pile of tailings. With his now plentiful supply of money, Chace reopened the mine itself, and with little trouble picked up the lost lead. For years the once abandoned property has paid sums even more fabulous than in the days when the Spaniards crushed their ores under the pressure of patient burros' hoofs and

meant an overhauling of titles and consequent disputes. One of these centered on Chace's properties, with the result that he has during the last twelve years spent more time in the courts of Chile than he has at mining, and after a long, tedious legal battle has at last wiped out any possible question against his ownership. Meanwhile his great properties have been producing wealth, and in spite of the fact that a Chilean lawsuit is even more expensive than a struggle of the same kind in the United States, he has



The Silver Mine of St. Peter and St. Paul at Huantajaya, Chile.

This mine is owned by George B. Chace, who rediscovered it by means of an ancient map given to him by a Spanish priest.

stamp mills were unknown even to the inventive American.

The relocation of San Pedro y San Pablo was but the beginning of the Chace millions, for in the past twenty-five years he has located several properties which have rivaled the old Spanish find. Among these may be mentioned the Discobradora and San Augustin mines in the interior of the Province of Antofagasta, both of which have yielded millions. His latest enterprise is a bunch of claims in what is known as the Chuquicamata, a wonderfully rich mineral district well back in the mountains of Antofagasta. These claims promise to be the richest of the Chace properties when their extent is considered, as they number twenty claims in all.

With all his good fortune, Chile's silver king has not been allowed to accumulate his millions in peace. First came the change in government, when the Province of Tarapaca passed from the hands of Peru into those of Chile at the settlement of the devastating war between these two republics. This

placed to his credit with English bankers a fortune estimated to exceed five hundred thousand pounds.

In his affluence he has not forgotten the source of his wealth, and is a constant contributor to the funds of the church.

I met this most successful Yankee at the Cirulo del Union, the principal club of Santiago de Chile. He does not show the wear of years nor is he ambitious to tell of his good fortune. He is a typical American mining man who has not yet found the time to attend to anything save the development of his properties, and incidentally the protection of his titles. He was even then at Chile's capital to make a final stand in the republic's court of last resort. He discussed the chances of a decision which involved the ownership of ten million dollars' worth of property as calmly as though it were a case over the sale of a cheap horse or dog. He was, however, willing to talk of Chile's prospect as a great mining country.

"There is no place in the world," said Mr. Chace, "which offers greater chances in

mining than does this republic. The mountains are filled with minerals, and the discoveries already made are but scratches. Silver and nitrate have been the principal minerals, but the recent copper discoveries in the southeastern provinces bid fair to make Chile one of the greatest producers of the red metal in the world.

"Yes, there are plenty of chances for investment here, and good ones, too, but the people who have brought money into this country in the past have been too careless of their own or their principal's interests. Some of them have taken everything for granted. They have soon discovered their error, but in most cases it was too late. Chile has as great a number of mining sharps

as ever existed in any section of the states, and most of them have a decided advantage over the stranger owing to the difference in language. They do not hesitate to use that advantage, in most instances to the sorrow of the foreign investor who almost invariably squanders his own or some one else's money on some worthless properties. Then the republic gets a bad name because these fellows who do business in such a slack way get the worst of their bargains. Wherever there have been conservative business dealings in connection with the handling of a Chilean mining investment there has been

success. Look at the Huanchaca mines, just over the Bolivian border, and the richest in South America, the Copiapo, copper properties, and many others all owned by foreigners and all successful. They were purchased only after the most trying of investigations both as to prospects and title; they have been handled in a business-like manner and see the result. Of course, there are wrecks down here, plenty of them, but in ninety per cent. of the cases the manipulation of affairs has been left to some one who did not know a good mine from a bad one when an investment was offered, or having found a good mine lacked the knowledge to protect his titles. Let any good mining man come here and he can pick out invest-

ments which will be profitable. Of course, a knowledge of the language will help even the wisest, but a good mine speaks all languages, and shows its value without an interpreter!

"To sum up, my opinion would be that there are plenty of opportunities here for men with experience and some capital, but I would certainly advise the 'office miner' to let Chile alone, for he will surely come to grief among these people who are as cunning at a bargain as any on earth.

"As for myself, I am pretty nearly through with mining operations. I have been constantly at it for nearly forty years, and con-



Benjamin F. Bernstein.

Formerly of New York City. The only American financier who has made a success in Chile. His wife is of the famous Cousino family, the wealthiest in all Chile.

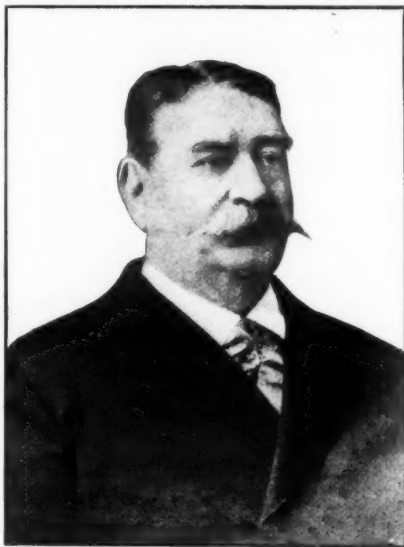
sider a rest is due me. As soon as my legal controversies are out of the way I shall place my Chilean affairs in the hands of an agent and go back to the states for a good long stay."

Another American who has grown wealthy in the land of the Chileno is Don Juan Foster. For nearly fifty years has this man from the states been prominently identified with the progress of the republic. His attention has been directed to politics, and in Chile's last revolution he was a moving spirit among the victorious congressional party. Years ago Don Foster married a Chilean lady. They have reared a large family, in which are several sons, who, like their father, have sought distinction in politics. One of these sons occupies to-day a position in Chile's Department of Foreign Affairs second only to the Minister in charge. Don Foster's fortune is large and mostly represented by landed properties exceeding the million mark in value.

Don Pedro McKellar is a North American Chileno of Scotch descent. Thirty odd years ago he was a pay clerk in the old navy of Uncle Sam. His ship was stationed on the South Pacific station, and he saw an opportunity at Valparaiso. His resignation followed, and to-day the entire tug-boat system of Valparaiso's harbor is owned by this former naval accountant. From one single tug his business has increased until it now comprises a whole fleet, every craft of which is busy adding to the already large fortune of Don Pedro. Like Don Juan Foster, he has dabbled successfully in politics. He also married an estimable Chilean lady, and his sons are now recognized among the most valued supporters of the present government.

In Chile's financial world there is one successful American. This is Mr. Benjamin F. Bernstein, of Santiago de Chile. Ten years ago Mr. Bernstein left New York for South America. His success has been phenomenal, as the Chilenos do not take kindly to American financiers. He saw that to carry out his

plans it would be necessary to adopt at least temporarily the methods of the country, overthrowing every precept of his education in money matters. Not only did he succeed in this respect, but he has gradually shown some of the brightest men in Santiago the mistakes they were making, and they have gladly enough profited by his suggestions. Mr. Bernstein is the youngest of the wealthy Americans in South America. His personal fortune equals a million pesos, not to mention the fortune of his wife, who came of the famous Cousino family, the richest in all Chile.



Don Pedro McKellar.

Formerly a pay clerk in the United States Navy. While on the South Pacific Station, he resigned at Valparaiso and started the tug-boat service in that harbor. To-day he owns the entire towing business of Valparaiso.

One of Mr. Bernstein's successes has been the handling of the affairs pertaining to an uncle's estate which involved extensive dealings with the Chilean government. These the young New Yorker has unraveled with much profit to all interested parties.

Over on South America's eastern coast, at Uruguay's pretty capital, dwells an American who is better known to the officers of all navies than any single individual in the world. This is Mr. W. D. Evans, of Montevideo.

For more than forty years Mr. Evans was the most prominent figure at Montevideo's port, having from a small beginning built up a business in ship chandlery until he was practically without competition in the harbor. It was from Minersville, Pennsylvania, that this present-day millionaire set out for the lands beyond the equator. His advent in the harbor of Montevideo was as mate

aboard a sailing ship. He saw a chance to make money, and left his billet to start a business on shore. After having made an excellent start, his venture was wrecked by the manipulations of his partner.

This meant another beginning and practically a harder struggle than the first, but Mr. Evans had not started out to submit to failure. He was looking for success and meant to find it.

On his second race for fortune his most valuable possession was a boat with which he personally served his wares to the various ships. The stock which he carried in this same craft oftentimes represented his entire capital, and in the rough harbor of Montevideo any hour might render him again penniless. He had many narrow escapes. Finally he had made a sufficient amount of money to enable him to send to Baltimore, Maryland, for a craft which would stand all weathers. With the new boat came added prosperity, until finally it required a steam tug and several lighters to handle his enormous trade.

Prosperity in business made outside investments possible. These were handled with so much foresight that as Montevideo expanded the Evans properties increased in value, until to-day they are worth millions.

Mr. Evans has retired from active business. He is succeeded by his former clerk, Manuel Bottini, an American citizen of foreign parentage.

Mr. Evans has specially endeared himself to the officers of every navy which has had ships upon the South Atlantic Station. These war ships have always been his especial charge, and no fighting craft ever entered the harbor of Montevideo that was not met by an Evans boat carrying ice, fruits, fresh provisions and all those things which are impossible accompaniments of a long cruise. To naval officers Mr. Evans has been a banker, and many an officer's wife has blessed this man from North America when she has arrived at Montevideo and found her husband's ship not yet in port. "If you arrive at Montevideo and do not find me there go to Evans. He will take care of you and see that you want for nothing," were the traveling instructions issued to officers' wives when they started to join their husbands on the station. Even now there is no change save the substitution of Bottini for Evans in the instructions, for the system inaugurated by the founder of the business is still maintained under his successor.

Since his retirement from active business Mr. Evans spends most of his time at the



In the Background, the House of W. D. Evans, at Montevideo.

"Quinta del Evans," a magnificent suburban estate on the outskirts of Montevideo. This quinta becomes a familiar spot to all visiting Americans, for one of Mr. Evans' greatest delights is to entertain visitors from the states. A sojourn at the Evans home becomes entertainment indeed, for the quinta's hospitality is extremely lavish, and when dispensed amid the estate's delightful surroundings, becomes doubly attractive. The homestead itself is charmingly romantic, consisting of a series of buildings each representing a different era in Montevidean home building, and all connected by tiled *pacios* covered by vine-clad trellises and broken by shaded nooks and splashing fountains. Hardly a room is there which does not give some proof of the owner's love for the states. Here is a pair of flags draped over the picture of some favorite American, and at another point a magnificently carved coat of arms of the United States done by a clever Uruguayan artist, while from the high flag-staff above the quinta Old Glory flutters to signify that through half a century of residence in South America the Evans heart has remained faithful to the flag of his country. And this flag does not fly alone, for but a few hundred yards away it has an official companion which floats over the United States Legation, where our minister to the republic is quartered in one of the houses built on a portion of the Evans estate. Thus has this man, beloved by every officer in the American Navy, built up on the banks of the Rio de la Plata a home wherein American feeling throbs as strongly as though thousands of leagues did not separate the owner from the country which he so dearly loves.

At Montevideo there is another American who has

accumulated a great fortune in this Latin republic. Mr. Thomas W. Howard is one of the most important of Uruguay's speculators in hides. Unlike most of the men who have gone from the United States and built up a fortune in South America, Mr. Howard was possessed of a goodly sum when he first embarked in Uruguayan speculation. This he has increased until it requires seven figures to cover the valuation of his properties and stocks. In addition to vast estates scattered through the provinces of Uruguay, Mr. Howard possesses a town house at Montevideo which ranks among the palaces of the city. This house occupies a most attractive location between the Plaza Zaballa and the Calle diez y ocho de Julio, commanding a grand view of Montevideo's harbor and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The Howard house is noted for its social gatherings, and the beauty of its decorations and furnishings.

Mr. Howard is wedded to a most attractive and accomplished Uruguayan lady, and their family is among the most interesting in the republic. One of the sons is now the secretary of the lately established Uruguayan Legation at Washington, while another is in Europe studying the art of war that he may be thoroughly fitted to serve as an officer in Uruguay's army.

Mr. Howard has for years served the United States as vice-consul at Montevideo, and has been in close touch with the ever-changing government of the fickle republic. With the present government, which under President Questas and his able Minister of Government, Don E. McEachen, has proved more stable than any of its predecessors, Mr. Howard is in direct personal relation, and his advice in foreign affairs carries exceptional weight.



W. D. Evans.

He came from Minersville, Pa. He made his fortune in ship chandlery and realty investments. Mr. Evans is South America's best known civilian to naval officers of the world.

At the time of the assassination of President Borda, Mr. Howard was the first to lift the murdered ruler, and but an instant later captured and held the murderer until he could be turned over to the police.

Mr. Howard is an enthusiast regarding the possibilities for development in his adopted home, and predicts for Uruguay a great future, particularly if the people can lay aside the revolution habit to which they have been addicted for so many years.

No tale of the fortunes which have been built up by North Americans in the republics of Latin America would be complete without reference to the career of Henry Meiggs. His operations in Chile and Peru form the most spectacular story of finance which South America has ever furnished, and beyond a doubt had he been granted but a few more years of life he would have died one of the richest, if not the richest, men in the world. To him the amount of money involved in a transaction cut no figure, and he dealt in millions with less worry than ordinary operators handle thousands.

Henry Meiggs learned the lesson of finance in a school where large figures were common. As a young man he passed through the years when California was the world's Eldorado and gold was more plentiful in some sections than was the water with which to wash it. He rose to the crest of the golden wave and his fortune was estimated then at several millions. The time of reaction caught him loaded with properties upon which he could not quickly realize ready coin, and with many others he sank before the flood, not only losing his property but buried under an avalanche of debt.

In October, 1854, Meiggs left San Francisco not only a ruined man, but a fugitive debtor.

For several years his whereabouts were unknown, and then word came up from the South Pacific of the gigantic operations then being engineered by a daring speculator named Meiggs. Investigation showed this to be none other than Henry Meiggs, the man who had fled from debt in California.

Then Meiggs' creditors began to hear from him, and one by one the California debts were wiped out. Even a washerwoman to whom he owed a few dollars was sought out by his agents, who were instructed not only to pay the long-standing laundry bill, but to add enough gold to place the poor woman forever beyond want. One lot of debts

Meiggs declined to pay until by a readjustment the full amount of the claims might be passed to the original creditors. These were claims which had been purchased for a song by speculators when the first rumor of Meiggs' South American success reached the California coast. To the clamorous brokers he turned a deaf ear, but declared himself ready at any time to meet the full obligations with interest if he could pay the sum claimed into the hands of his original creditors. For a time the brokers held out, but as Meiggs was safe from attack they finally were obliged to yield, and the money for

thousands of Meiggs' debts was thus forced by him into the possession of its rightful owners.

Meanwhile the South American fortune had grown. Meiggs cleared a full million from a contract for the building of Chile's first railway between the port of Valparaiso and Santiago de Chile.

Next came the construction of Peru's original railway line between Mollendo and Arequipa, which doubled Meiggs' fortune. Every contract was made directly with the government of the republic wherein the road was to be built. Scheme after scheme, each more gigantic than the other, was successfully carried out. Meiggs at one time offered to build a breakwater at the mouth of Valparaiso's harbor if the Chilean government would give him a ninety-nine year lease of its sheltered side. Forty millions would this venture have cost, but the principal harbor of Chile would have been rendered safe for all time. The Chileans feared Meiggs' rapid strides to wealth, and demanded a large price for the rental of the sheltered side of the breakwater, even should the work be done without cost to the repub-



Henry Meiggs.

He made millions in California at the time of the gold discoveries. In 1854, he left that state a ruined man and a fugitive debtor. Some years afterward he won new wealth by engineering railway contracts for the Chilean Government. The magnitude of his later contracts amazed the financial world. He died while engaged in building a railroad across the Andes, for which he was to receive \$125,000,000 in gold.

lic. Consequently, the project failed, and to-day the wind-swept bay is without protection.

In 1870 the financial world was amazed by the magnitude of a contract entered into between Meiggs and the Peruvian government. This called for the construction of a complete Peruvian railway system, even to a line crossing the summit of the Andes. Meiggs was to deliver the lines ready for operation and receive the sum of one hundred and twenty-five millions in gold, payable in installments, as the work progressed.

At first the money came promptly, then Peru was forced to borrow to meet the Meiggs contract, and finally when European loans could not be effected, Meiggs accepted the obligations of the Peruvian government until he practically owned the republic. Even the assassination of his friend, Col. Balta, then President of Peru, failed to interfere with the railway plans.

Finally Peru could do no more, and Meiggs' own fortune was tied up in the building of the railways. So for lack of money the work was stopped. Negotiations for a further loan from Europe, with Meiggs' assistance, were almost consummated when in 1877 death cut off the most remarkable career of any Yankee in South America. With his death the loan negotiations failed,

and then followed Peru's unfortunate war with Chile. Until 1884 the Meiggs railway operations slumbered. In that year when peace came to the two republics the firm of W. R. Grace & Co. took up the Meiggs contract, and the work has since been pushed intermittently.

In spite of his success, Meiggs never revisited the State of California. His trials there seemed to have created in him an aversion for the place. Even a resolution passed by the California Legislature asking him to return, failed to influence him to visit the state.

One of the peculiarities which characterized this brilliant operator was that he always worked alone. There never was a partner in his dealings, and he never sought advice. He looked into the future through no mind save his own, and when once his course was shaped he never changed it.

His personality was most attractive, his manner never changing no matter what the provocation. His lightest speech inspired confidence, and to this fact is due in a great measure the success he achieved in the manipulation of his gigantic speculations. Neither of the American continents will ever show another career exactly paralleling that of this daring operator.



A Vista in the Grounds of the Quinta del Evans, in suburban Montevideo, Showing the Principal Fountain on the Estate.



"—and dinna let me see your face till tea time!"

THE LASS IN THE SHOP

By S. R. CROCKETT

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Black Douglas," etc., etc.

IN Scotland, if you find an eldest son of the same name as his father, search the mother's face for the marks of a tragedy. An eldest son is rarely called by his father's Christian name, and when he is, usually there is a little grave down in the kirkyard or a name that is seldom spoken—a dead Abel or a wandering Cain—at any rate, a first-born that was—and is not.

Now I am called Alexander McQuhirr. My father is Alexander McQuhirr. And the reason is that a link has dropped out. I remember the day I found out that you could make my mother jump by coming quietly behind her and calling "Willie." It was Willie MacArthur I was after—he had come over from Whinnyliggate to play with me. We were playing at "hide-and-seek."

"Willie!" I cried, sharp as one who would wake an echo.

My mother dropped a bowl and caught at her side.

In about a week I was well enough to sit down with comfort.

Such injuries, however, are seldom permanent—still, it was some time before I called out "Willie" at my mother's elbow again. But it was only recently that she told me the whole story.

I must have been ten or twelve at the time, and all that I have to tell had been over and done with for two or three years—ample time for a boy to forget—but not for a mother.

The truth was that with twelve years between our ages, and Willie away most of the

time, I had no particular reason to remember my elder brother. For years before I was born my mother had been compassioned with by the good wives of the neighborhood, proud nursing mothers of ten or eleven, because she could boast of but one chicken in her brood. She has confessed to me what she suffered on that account. And though I have younger brothers, and the reproach was wiped away in time, there are certain Job's comforters whom my mother has never forgiven.

She would be sure to spoil him—one child in a house was always spoilt. So the tongues went ding-dong. It was foolish to send him to school at Cairn Edward, throwing away good siller, instead of keeping him at home to single the turnips. Thus and thus was the reproach of my mother's reluctant maternity rubbed in—and to this day the rubbers are not forgotten. It will be time enough to forgive them, thinks my mother, when she comes to lie on her death-bed.

Yet, from all that I can gather, there was some truth in what they said, and probably that is what rankles in that dear, kindly, vehement bosom. Willie was indeed spoilt. He was by all accounts a handsome lad. He had his own way early, and, what was worse—money to spend. At thirteen, he was bound apprentice to good honest Joseph Baillieson, of the Apothecaries' Hall in Cairn Edward. Joseph was a chemist of the old school, who, when a more than usually illegible line occurred in the doctors' prescriptions of the day, always said, "We'll caa it barley water. That'll hairm naeboddy." All Joseph's dispensing was of the eminently practical kind.

"What's the maitter wi' your mither, callant?" he would say, focussing a kindly double oval of spectacle on an urchin behind the counter. "Inflammation? Havers, I'll believe nae siccan thing. She has been ower often at Sal' Kenny's wi' a bottle aneath her shawl. I'll cocker her up nane wi' ony siccan remedies. She has been takkin' in the doctor—drawin' his leg. Tell her to tak' a pickkie baln' soda, and syne a spoonfu' o' this raund Gregory's Mixture—and if she's nae better by the day after the morn bid her come ower an' see me!"

To Mr. Baillieson, therefore, Willie was made apprentice, and if he had profited he could not have been in better hands, and this story never would have been written. But the fact was he was too early from home. He was my mother's eye-apple, and as the farm was doing well during these years, an

occasional pound note was slipped him when my mother was down on Market Monday. Now, this is a part of the history she has never told me. I can only piece it together from hints and suggestions. But it is a road I know well. I have seen too many walk in it. Mainly, I do not think it was so much bad company as thoughtlessness and high spirits. Sweetmeats and gloves here to a girl more witty than wise, neckties and a small running account yonder, membership of the rowing club, and a small occasional stake upon the races—not much in themselves, perhaps, but more than enough for an apprentice with two half crowns a week of pocket money. So there came a time when honest Joseph Baillieson, with many misgivings and grave down-drawings of upper lip, I doubt not, took my father into the little back shop where the liniments were made up and the pills rolled.

What they said to each other I do not know, but when Alexander McQuharr came out his face was marvelously whitened. He waited for Willie at his lodgings and brought him home that night with him. He stayed just a week at the farm, restlessly scouring the hills by day and coming in to his bed late at night. Then, through the influence of the minister, a place was found for him in Edinburgh, and he set off in the coach with his little box, leaving what prayerful, anxious hearts behind him only those who are fathers and mothers know.

He was to lodge with a good old woman in the Pleasance, a regular hearer of Dr. Lawton's of Lady Nixon's Wynd. For a small wage she agreed to mend his socks and keep a motherly eye on his morals. He was to be in by ten, and latchkeys were not allowed. Now, I do not doubt that it was lonely for Willie up there in the great city. And in any condemnation, let the temptation be weighted and noted.

May God bless the good folk of the Open Door who, with sons and daughters of their own, set wide their portals and invite the stranger within where there is the sound of girlish laughter, the boisterous give-and-take of youthful wit, and, yes—as much as anything else the clatter of hospitable knives and forks working together.

Such an Open Door has saved many from destruction, and in That Day it shall be counted to that Man (or, more often, that Woman), for righteousness.

For consider how lonely a lad's life is when first he comes up from the country. He works till he is weary, and in the evening

the little bed-room is intolerably lonely and infinitely stuffy. If the Door of Kindness be not opened for him—if he lack the friend's hand, the comrade's slap on the back, the modest uplift of honest maidenly eyes—take my word for it, the Lad in the Garret will soon seek another way of it. There are many that will show him the guide posts of that road. Other doors are open. Other laughter rings, not mellow and sweet, but as the crackling of thorns under a pot. If a youth be cut off from the one, he will have the other—that is, if the blood course hot and quick in his veins.

And so, good folk of the city, you bien and comfortable householders, you true mothers in Israel, fathers and mothers of brisk lads and winsome lasses, do not forget that you can save more souls from going down to the Pit in one year than a thousand ministers in a lifetime. And I, who write these things, know.

Many a foot has been stayed on the Path Perilous simply because "a damsel named Rhoda came to answer a knock at a door." The time is not gone by when "Given to hospitality" is also a saving grace. And in the Day of the Many Surprises it shall be said of many a plain man and unpretending house wife, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me!"

But so it was not with Willie, my brother. There was none to speak the word, and so he did after his kind. How much he did or

how far he went I cannot tell. Perhaps it is best not to know. But, at all events, I can remember his home-coming to Drumquhat one Saturday night, after he had been a year or fifteen months in Edinburgh. He came unexpectedly, and I was sleeping in a little crib set across the foot of my parents' bed in the 'ben' room.

My mother was a light sleeper all her days, and, besides, I judge her heart was sore. For never breeze tossed the trees or rustled the beech leaves but she thought of

her boy so far away. In a moment she was up, and I after her all noiseless on my bare feet, though the tails of my night gear flapped like a banner in the drafty passage. The dogs upon the hearth-stone never so much as growled.

"W h a 's there?"

"It's me, mither!"

"Willie!"

It was indeed Willie, a tall lad with a white face, a bright color high set on his cheek bone, a dancing light in his eyes, and, at sight of his mother, a smile on his lips. He was dressed in what seemed to me a style of

grandeur such as I had never beheld, probably no more than a suit of town-cut tweeds and a watch chain. But then my standard was gray home-spun and home-dyed—as often as not home-tailored, too. And Solomon in all his glory did not seem to be arrayed one-half so nobly as my elder brother Willie.

I do not mind much about the visit, except that Willie let me wear his watch chain, which was of gold, for nearly half an hour, and promised that the next time he came



"Bide at hame and be Jacob," he said; 'they have cast out this Esau.'"

back he would trust me with the watch, too. But the following afternoon something happened that I do remember. After dinner, which was at noon, as it had been ever since

Willie was speaking very fast, telling his father something—something to which my mother vehemently objected. I could hear her interruptions rising stormily, and my father trying to calm her. Willie spoke low, except now and then when his voice broke into a kind of scream. I remember being very wae for him, and feeling in my pocket for a dirty, half-sucked brandy ball which I resolved to give him when he came out. It had often comforted me in times of trouble.

"Siclike nonsense I never heard!" cried my mother, "a callant like you! A besom—a designing madam, nocht else—that's what she is! I wonder to hear ye, Willie!"

"Wheesh, wheest—Mary!"

I could hear my father's voice, grave and sober as ever. Then Willie's vehement rush of words went on till I heard my mother break in again.

"Marriage! marriage! Sirce, heard ye ever the like? A bairn to speak to me o' mairrying a woman naebody kens ocht about—a 'lass in a shop,' ye say, aye, I'se warrant a bonny shop——"

Then there came the sound of a chair pushed

vehemently back, the crash of a falling dish. My father's voice, deep and terrible so that I trembled, followed: "Sir, sit down on your seat and compose yourself! Do not speak thus to your mother!"

"I will not sit down—I will not compose myself—I will never sit down in this house again—I will marry Lizzie in spite of you all!"

And almost before I could get round to the front yard again Willie had come whirling all disordered out of the kitchen door, shutting it to with a clash that shook the house. Then with wild and angry eyes he strode across the straw-littered space, tak-



"'If she be in this hoose, let me see her. I will speak wi' the woman face to face.'"

the beginning of time, my father sat still in his great corner chair instead of going to the barn. My mother sent me out to play.

"And bide in the yaird till I send for ye, mind—and dinna let me see your face till tea time!" was her command, giving me a cuff on the ear by way of speeding the parting guest.

So by this I knew that there was something she did not want me to hear. So I went about the house to the little window at which my father said his prayers. It stood open as always, like Daniel's, towards Jerusalem. I could not hear very well, but that was no fault of mine. I did my best.

ing no notice of me, but leaping the gate, and so down the little loaning and up towards the heather like a man walking in his sleep. I remember I ran after him calling him to come back, but he never heeded me till I pulled him by the coat tails. It was away up near the marsh dyke, and I could hardly speak with running so fast. He stared as if he did not know me.

"Oh, dinna—dinna—come back!" I cried, and I think I wept; "dinna vex my mither! And—there's rummelt 'tawties' to the supper!"

But Willie would not stop for all I could say to him. However, he patted me on the head.

"Bide at hame and be Jacob," he said; "they have cast out this Esau."

For he had been well learned in the Bible, and once got a prize for catechism at the day school at Whinnyliggate. It was Boston's "Fourfold State," so I never tried to read it. So saying, he took the hillside like a goat while I stood open-mouthed, gazing at the lithe figure of him who was my brother as it grew smaller and finally vanished over the heathery summit of the Rig of Drumquhat.

That night I heard my father and mother talking far into the morning while I made a pretense of sleeping.

"I will never own him!" said my father, who was now the angry one.

"I'm feared he doesna look strong!" answered my mother in the darkness.

"He shall sup sorrow, for the way he spoke to the father that begat him and the mother that bore him," said my father.

"Dinna say that, guid man!" plead my mother. "It is like cursin' our first-born. Think how proud ye were the

time he grippit ye by the hand coming up the loanin' an' caa'ed ye 'Dadda'!"

After this there was silence for a space, and then it was my mother who spoke.

"No, Alexander, ye shallna gang to Edinbra to bring him hame. Gin yin o' us maun gang, let it be me. For ye wad be overly sore on the lad. But, oh, the madam—the Jezebel, her that has wilde him frae us, wait till I get my tongue on her!"

And this is how my mother carried out her threat, told in her own words:

"Oh, that weary toon," she said afterwards. "The streets so het and dry, the blawin' stoor, the peetifu' bairns in the gutter, and the puir penny joes standin' at the close-mouths wi' their shawls aboot their heads! I wondered what yin o' them had gotten haud o' my Willie. But at last I cam' to the place where he lodged. It was at a time o' the day when I kenned he wad be at his wark. It was a hoose as muckle as three kirks a' biggit on the tap o' yin anither, an' my Willie bode in the tapmaist laft.

"It was an auld lame woman wi' a mutch on her head that opened the door. I askit for Willie.

"'He's no here,' says she, 'an' what may ye want wi' him?"

"'I'm his mither,' says I, and steppit ben. She was gye thrawn at the first, but I sune

tamed her. She was backward to tell me ocht about Willie's onganin's, but none backward to tell me that his 'book' hadna been payit for six weeks and that she was sore in need o' the siller. So I countit doon to her shillin', penny by penny.

"'An' noo,' says I, 'tell me a' ye ken o' this madam that has betwitched my bairn, her that's costin' him a' this siller—for doubtless he is wearin' it on the Jezebel—an' breakin' his mither's heart.'

"Then the landlady's face took on anither cast and color. She hummed



"So there I sat thinkin' on what I wad say to the lass when she cam' in."

*NOTE—"Rummelt 'tawties"—i. e., a sort of puree of potatoes made in the pot in which they have been boiled, with sweet milk, butter and sometimes a little flavoring of cheese. All hands are expected to assist in the operation of "champing," that is, pounding and stirring them to a proper consistency of toothsome-ness.

an' hawed a while. Then at last she speaks plain.

"She's nane an ill lass,' she says, 'deed, she comes o' guid kin, and—she's neither mair nor less than sister's bairn to mysel'!"

"Wi' that I rises to my feet. 'If she be in this hoose, let me see her. I will speak wi' the woman face to face. Oh, if I could only catch them thegither I wad let her ken what it is to twine a mither and her boy!"

"The auld lame guid wife opens the door o' a bit clost wi' a bed in it and a chair or twa.

"Gang in there,' she says, 'an' ye shall hae your desire.

In a quarter o' an hour Lisbeth will be comin' hame frae the shop where she serves, and it's mair than likely that your son will be wi' her!"

"And wi' that she snecks the door wi' a brainge. For I could see she was angry at what I had said aboot her kith an' kin. And I liked her the better for that.

"So there I sat thinkin' on what I wad say to the lass when she cam' in. And aye the mair I thocht the faster the words raise in my mind till I was fair feared

I wad never get time to utter a tenth part o' my mind. It need na' hae troubled me, had I only kenned.

"Then there was the risp o' a key in the lock, for in thae rickles o' stane an' lime that they rin up noo a days he can hear a cat sneeze owe a hale 'flat.' I heard footsteps gang by the door o' the closet an' intil the front room. And I grippit the handle, bidin' my time to break out on them.

"But there was something that held me. A lassie's voice, flechin' and flechin' wi' the lad she loves as if for life or death. Hoo did I ken that? Weel, it's nae business o' yours,

Alec, hoo I kenned it. But yince hear it and ye'll never forget it.

"Willie,' it said, 'tak' the siller, I dinna need it. Put it back before they miss it oot—and, oh, never, never gang to thae races again!"

"I sat stane-cauld, dumb-stricken. It was an awesome thing for a mither to hear. Then Willie answered:

"'Lizzie,' he said, and I kenned he had been greetin', 'Lizzie, I canna tak' the money. I would be a greater hound than I am if I took siller ye hae saved for the house and the marriage braws—and—"

"Oh, Will', she cried, and I kenned fine she was greetin', too, an' grippin' him aboot the neck, 'I dinna want to be married—I dinna want a hoose o' my ain—I dinna want ony weddin' braws, if only ye will tak' the siller—and—be my ain guid lad and never break your mither's heart—an' mine! Oh, promise me, Willie! Let me hear ye promise me!"

"Aye, she said that—an' me hidin' there ready to speak



"Oh, no, no,' cries the lass, 'it's his ain'—his an' mine!"

to her like a tinkler's messan.

"So I opens the door an' gaed in. Willie had the pound notes grippit in his hand, and the lassie was on her knees thankin' God that he had ta'en her hard-earned savin's as she asked him, and that he had promised to be a guid boy.

"Mither!' says Willie, and his lips were white.

"And at the word the lassie rises, and I could see her legs tremble aneath her as she cam' nearer to me.

"'Dinna be hard on him,' she says. 'He has promised—'

"What's that in your hand?" says I, pointing at the siller.

"It's the money I have stolen!" says Willie, wi' a face like a streikit corpse.

"Oh, no, no," cries the lass, 'it's his ain'—his an' mine!"

"And if ever there was a lee markit doon in shinin' gold in the book o' the Recordin' Angel it was that yin. She was nae great beauty to look at—a bit slip o' a fair-haired lass wi' blue e'en an' a ringlet or twa peepin' oot where ye didna expect them. But she looked as bonny then—aye, as bonny as ever your Nance did.

"Gie the pound notes back to the lass!" says I, 'and syne you and me will gang doon and speak with your maister that ye hae robbit!"

"And wi' that the lass fell doon at my feet and grippit me, and fleeced on me, and kissed my hands and let the warm tears rin drap-drap on my fingers.

"Oh, dinna, dinna do that," she cried, 'let him pit them back. He only took them for a loan. Let him pit them back this nicht when his maister is awa' hame for his tea. He is a hard man, and Willie is a' I hae!"

"Weel," my mother would conclude, "maybe it wasna juist richt—but I couldna risist the lass. So Willie did as she said, and naething was kenned. But I garred him gie in his notice the next day, and I took him hame, for it was clear as day that the lad was deein' on his feet. And I brocht the

lass hame wi' me, too. And if Willie had leaved—but it wasna to be. We juist keepit him till November. And the last nicht we sat on ilka side o' the bed, her haudin' a hand and me haudin' a hand, neither jealous o' the ither, which was a great wonder. An' I think he kind o' dovered an' sleepit—whiles wanderin' in his mind and then waukin' wi' a strange look on his face. But ower in the sma' hours when the wind begins to wauken and blaw caulder, and the souls o' men slip awa, he started up. It was me he saw first, for the candle was on my side.

"Mither," he said, 'where's Lizzie?"

"And when he saw her sit by him, he drew away the hand that had been in mine and laid it on hers.

"Lizzie," he said, 'dinna greet, my bonnie. I promise! I will be your ain guid lad!"

"And the lass?" I queried.

"Oh, she gaed back to the shop, and they say she has chairge o' a department noo and is muckle thocht on. But she has never mairried, and, though we hae askit her every year, she wad never come back to Drumquhat again!

"And that," said my mother, smiling through her tears, "is the story how my Willie was led away by the Lass in the Shop."

WHAT SAID THE WIND?

By ALDIS DUNBAR

(*Her thought.*)

The wind is waving all the trees,
They whisper in the sun;
And ever through the sweet warm grass
The wayward shadows run.
Oh, turn you here, or turn you there,
The thought will not away—
That love comes as the wind comes,
And none may say it nay.

(*His thought.*)

The wind is scattering the leaves,
The clouds rush up the sky;
The vagrant snow-flakes find no rest,
But whirl and toss and fly.
And still thought wanders with the wind,
Returning but to say:
"Oh, love goes as the wind blows,
And none may bid it stay."



The Big Bell Tower at Peking.

CHINESE PARTIES AND THEIR LEADERS

BY ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PEKING

Translator of "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes."

POLITICAL parties in China are the first step toward progress. A few years ago political parties were unknown and China was still in the dark ages. The people were unanimous in their hatred of "the foreign devils." From prince to beggar, from octogenarian statesman to the boy at school they dubbed "all within the four seas brethren, and all without the four seas barbarians."

Once a red-haired, red-whiskered, blue-eyed British consul in Canton asked a Chinese official why the Chinese speak of foreigners in this unmelodious manner.

"Why is it," the consul said, "that your people call us foreign devils?"

The official, with that quiet, suave dignity Chinese officials assume so perfectly, at first hesitated to answer the question. The consul pressed him for a reply.

"I cannot tell you," said the official at last: "you would be angry if I did tell you."

"Not at all," the consul rejoined. "On the contrary, I shall be indebted to you."

In all seriousness, then, and having in mind the red-haired, red-whiskered, blue-eyed images of the devils of his race, the official told the consul confidentially:

"We call you devils because you look like devils."

To the Chinese, therefore, all without the four seas are devils for the excellent reason revealed to the consul. All within the four seas, no matter to what political party or to what secret society any may be attached, are brethren.

There are just two parties in China, the Liberal and the Conservative. The latter is the outgrowth of centuries of dominion over Eastern Asia. It is the party that is selfish and self-sufficient, the party totally ignorant of the world outside of China. The word China in the original Chung Kuo means to the Chinese what Mediterranean once meant to the Western world—the center of the plane surface of the earth.

The Liberal party is the offspring of the present generation, and the official head of this party is the young Emperor Kwang Hsu. He is a man that has been judged of less than average ability. Despite this, he is, in fact, one of the most remarkable potentates, William of Germany not excepted, on the stage of the world to day.

Outside the walls that confined Kwang Hsu the reform movement was begun by the founding of the Reform Club at Peking. Not long after the club had been put on a running basis, one of its energetic members called on me to learn the names and addresses of the leading magazines and newspapers published in the United States. I gave him the required list. Soon I ascer-

tained that other members had likewise secured lists of English, German, French and Russian publications. This reading matter was subscribed for by the club that members might keep in touch with the outer world. Hardly had the proselyting influence of the Reform Club begun to spread when the cautious Conservative party caused it to be suppressed because it was a menace to the government. But although the doors of their club were shut, the doors to the minds of these young men had been opened for always to the light of new knowledge.

During the summer of 1898 I was engaged with Han Lin, a noted literary graduate, in the task of translating a book on mental philosophy into Chinese. One day we heard that the Emperor had issued an edict to abolish the Literary Essay as part of the Great Examinations.

"What will be the result of this edict?" I asked Han Lin.

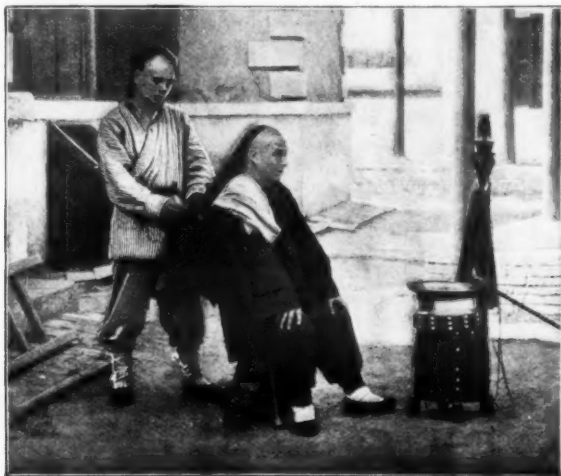
"Some will like it, and some will not," he answered, discreetly.

A few days later the Emperor issued another edict, allowing all officials to memorialize him in sealed memorials on the provisions of the first edict.

Again I asked the opinion of Han Lin.

"Some will approve of it, and some will not," was all I could draw from him.

Then one after another those wonderful edicts came forth from the palace in such rapid succession as to take our breath away. Indeed, they almost took the Emperor's



At Canton; a Barber at Work.

breath away definitely. In a few weeks, when the Empress Dowager returned from the summer palace, Kwang Hsu was put in that confinement from which he has not yet been liberated.

It must not be supposed, however, that these spasmodic efforts at reform had no results. The consequences were apparent. The Emperor had succeeded in establishing in a few weeks a university which still stands, and which is under the influence of Dr. W. A. P. Martin, one of the best educators that has ever been in China.

The principal departments of the university are for the study of the languages of the Allied Powers. In addition, are the departments of Law and of Medicine. Also there is the gymnasium, which was a revelation to the students. The gymnasium was directed by a Frenchman, a very accomplished athlete. While most of the apparatus was imported from Europe, many things were turned out by Chinese mechanics. All the bicycles that could be bought were procured, and a bicycle club was organized by the students. It was not long before I heard of a broken arm or two among the new wheel enthusiasts.

In addition, there is a university at Tientsin which is on a very firm basis. Still another is at Nanking. There is a college in Shanghai and other institutions of less note in various parts of the country. Thus, although the Conservative party is still in power and has almost destroyed the empire by anti-foreign principles and conduct, these young reformers are continuing to prepare themselves to carry out the reform they know will come in the near future.

LI HUNG CHANG.

Among the great leaders that may be classed as of the Liberal (though not properly the Reform party), is the only Chinaman whose reputation is world-wide—Li Hung Chang. He is a man of the measure of Bismarck as a statesman. With but one exception, he stands head and shoulders above any of his countrymen.

He is thoroughly Chinese, in his general conservatism, in his conceit, in his duplicity, and in the way silver sticks to his palm.

He knows China's weakness. He knows the strength of foreign governments. His shrewdness is more than a match for that of all with whom he comes in contact. After his return from his trip around the world, in an audience with the Empress Dowager, she asked:

"Tell me truly, now, what you think of these foreign barbarian countries through which you have passed, as compared with China."

"You want to know truly their condition?"

"Yes, I want to know truly."

"Well, they are in a much better condition than China. They are more powerful, cleaner, and more enlightened."

It is said that the Empress Dowager was not well pleased to hear the truth, but her lips remained sealed.

A few months ago Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, suspected that Li Hung Chang was favoring Russia against Great Britain, and he managed to have Li Hung Chang removed from the Tsungli Yamen. This was the worst move he could have made. In a few weeks the old statesman managed to ingratiate himself into favor



A Typical Peking Business Man.

with the Empress Dowager in such a way as to secure his own appointment as viceroy of the two Kwangs.

He is one of the kind of whom it may be said: "You may put me out, but you cannot put me down."

Li Hung Chang is as great a statesman as Bismarck, as great a warrior as Grant, as great a politician as Platt, and as great a business man as Rockefeller. A large part of his wealth lies in pawnshops. He is probably the greatest pawnshop owner in the world.

CHANG CHIH-TUNG.

Another great Liberal leader of the same general stamp is Chang Chih-tung. I would advise every reader of this article to stop and learn his name. It is a singular fact that the two greatest statesmen in China should be named Chang and Li. These two names are the Brown and Jones of China. They have a saying:

"Chang chia ch'ang, Li chia tuan,
Jen chia shih fei wo pu kuan."

I have translated it as follows:

"Though the Changs may all be perfect,
And the Lis imperfect be,
Their perfections or their failings
I will never deign to see."

Chang is Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan; and while the Emperor was issuing his reform edicts this great viceroy was writing one of the most notable books that has ever been written by a Chinese. It is called "Leaves of Learning," and in it are discussed all problems relating to the welfare of the empire, especially as regards what may be called the new learning.

Chang urges that all consuls and ministers in foreign countries should translate the best books of these countries into Chinese, that schools be established in connection with all the foreign legations and consulates for the education of the Chinese children in those countries, and that printers in port cities print large editions of books relating to foreign affairs so that they may be circulated broadcast throughout the whole em-



At Tientsin; the River and the Bund.

pire. He urges the necessity of reform, and speaks of the Conservatives as old "moss-back" officials. He keeps several English-speaking secretaries, who gather for him all information about foreign countries which concerns him as a viceroy of two of the most

upon whom we may always depend for pro-foreign views, and yet a man whom all the Chinese love.

He is not a genius. He is not a crank. He is not a man who does things which are talked about. He is not a man whom every



A Chinese Cart.

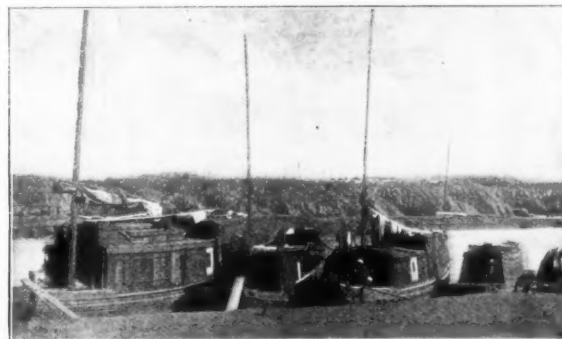
important provinces in China. He is liberal in subscribing to any object that promises the reform of the antiquated customs of the empire, and the opening of the eyes of the people.

PRINCE CH'ING.

Prince Ch'ing is well known, and yet not well known. He is a nobleman in every sense

foreigner wants to interview; he does not take extreme views. He is not sought by the Chinese or by foreigners to settle international disputes as Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang are sought.

Prince Ch'ing always employs a foreign physician, which is one of the sure signs of progress in a Chinaman. There are those who send for the foreign physician in ex-



Houseboats at Tientsin.

of the word, as has been indicated by his conduct toward the imprisoned ministers during the months of the siege. He constantly risked his life to defend them, and to send them provisions. He has been for years a member of the Tsungli Yamen. He is a man

treme cases; but men like Li Hung Chang, Chang Yin-huan and Prince Ch'ing employ him in all instances.

THE YOUNG REFORMERS.

Some have a tendency to say that the

present troubles arose out of the missionary question. This is an extremely narrow view, and it indicates that the one who holds it knows nothing back of what has occurred during the past year. The present troubles are the last efforts of the old Conservatives to preserve the conditions which have existed in China for four thousand years.

I have a number of friends among the young scholars, first, second, third and fourth graduates. They are young men who have studied English, and who have started English schools. Their schools have been destroyed by the Conservatives, and for the past two years they have been out of employment. All of them, so far as I know, are still pursuing the same line of study, confident that conservatism is a thing of the

Conservatives. They are simply hangers-on, and when these few old Conservatives die, China can easily be reformed."

The wife of Mr. Yu is a Eurasian woman. His two daughters dress in European clothing when they go calling in Peking. They converse freely in Japanese, Chinese, French and English, as do also his sons. On one occasion some of the old Conservatives went to the Empress Dowager and said to her:

"Do you know that the man whom you have had as minister to Japan, and whom you are about to appoint as minister to France has a foreign wife?"

"Has he any children?" the old Dowager asked in return.

"Yes, indeed, he has grown sons and daughters."



At Tientsin: Packages of Brick Tea on the Bund.

past, that reform must come, and when it does come they will be ready for it. Such men are of the class of Minister Wu Ting-fang, Lo Feng-lo, and Mr. Yu, Minister to France, who called upon me a few days before he sailed for France. During our conversation I alluded to the attempt he had made to entertain some foreigners on New Year's Day, and to serve them with tea, coffee, wine and cakes.

"The Conservatives of the Tsungli Yamen would not allow you to entertain the foreigners on New Year's Day as you wished," I said.

"No," he replied, "but this thing will not continue. The world is rapidly slipping out from under these old men's feet. There are not any strong men among the young

"Then it is late in the day to report him to me. Why did you not report him before? We cannot separate a man from his wife and family even though she is a 'foreign devil.'"

It could not add much of interest to the readers of this paper to describe in detail the other leaders of the Conservative Party. They are Prince Tuan, Li Ping Heng and Tung Fu-Hsiang. Prince Tuan is the son of the Fifth Prince—that is, the son of the fifth brother of the husband of the Empress Dowager. This husband was never heard of until his son was selected to be the successor to the son of the Empress Dowager instead of Kwang Hsu. His greatest virtue is his conservatism, which is a vice. Also his ability as a warrior has been greatly overestimated.

Li Ping Heng was the anti-foreign governor of Shantung at the time of the murder of the German Catholic priests which caused Germany to attack and take Kiao-Chau, and establish themselves in Shantung. A year ago he was made inspector of the navy on the Yangtze Chiang River, and later transferred to Peking. I cannot but think that it was at his instigation that the German minister was murdered, it tallies exactly with the character of the man, and his previous record and conduct.

Tung Fu Hsiang became prominent a few years ago as leader of the party which put down the Mohammedan rebellion in the northwestern provinces—principally Kansu. Two years ago when the Empress usurped the throne, recognizing in him a kindred spirit, she called him with his barbarous, undrilled rabble into the region of Peking. They plundered, looted and stole wherever they went, and the Chinese declared that they would rather fall into the hands of the bitterest enemy than be in the region of Tung Fu Hsiang's army.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

Just before Li Hung Chang started on his tour of the world, two painters called to see me to secure a geography which would present all the countries through which the old man was to travel. The two hemispheres they painted on the sides of a silk fan, mapped out the routes he was to follow, and the countries and cities he should pass through so that the old statesman while fanning himself through the hot region of the Indian Ocean and the Red and Mediterranean Seas might familiarize himself with the regions through which he was to pass. This incident indicates the character of the man.

During the Chinese-Japanese war the Conservative general who was appointed to go to Corea to put down the disturbance there was asked whether he knew the geography of the country.

"No," he answered. "What do I care for the geography of the country? I will just go over there and whip them two or three times and that will be the end of it."

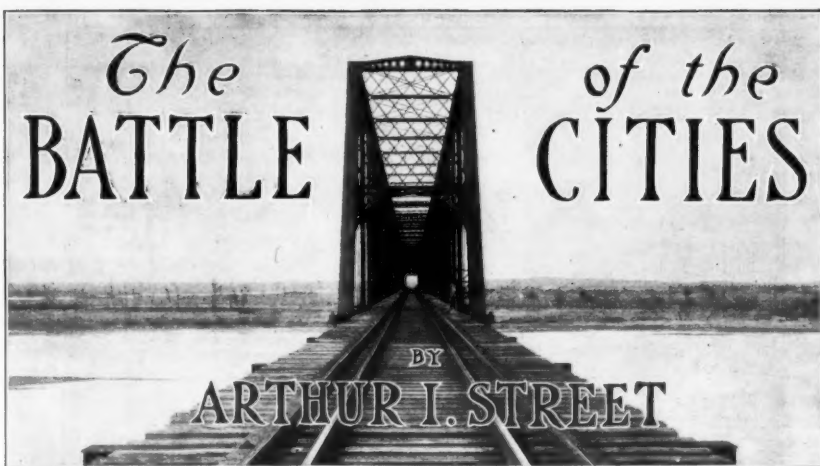
Members of this Conservative Party in high standing in government employ still think the earth is flat like a plate, with China at the center. They ask you whether you have a sun and moon in your honorable country,

and if grass grows there just as it does here. They ask whether you have horses and cows, mules, donkeys and dogs, and if they are as large as those in their own miserable country. For they do not forget to be polite, however insincere and ignorant they may be.

We have now discussed the leaders of both the Liberal and the Conservative Parties. We have seen that by the decrees issued by the young Emperor and by his general disposition and character, there was hope of his making out of that old government a New China. We have seen by the character of the men associated with him that there are those capable of setting China upon her feet and placing her in a position to rank among the nations of the world.

For almost two years past the Conservative Party has been in power. All progress has been stopped. Railroad syndicates have been thwarted, mines have not been opened, the universities have only been moderately successful. They have tried to massacre all Christians and drive out all foreigners, and are at this moment virtually at war with all the world. It is evident that the Conservatives are incapable of governing China in harmony with the sentiments of the civilized world of to-day.

What then is to be done? What ought to be done? There seems but one way out, and that is for the Allied Powers, after they have rescued foreigners and are settling up with China, when they have required a money indemnity, to insist upon it that none of the European Powers be allowed to take any Chinese territory. There is a better way than to divide China. The Chinese Emperor Kwang Hsu, with such assistants as Li Hung Chang, Chang Chih-tung, Lin K'un-i, Prince Ch'ing and Yuan Shih-K'ai, and the young officials who have secured a foreign education should be put in power. Put them in power and we shall have the "open door." Put them in power, and mines will be opened, railroads will be built, educational schools established, and agricultural schools opened. In ten years China will stand beside Japan as a progressive Oriental nation; in twenty years she will have taken the lead. Try to divide her and all Europe will be in turmoil. Kwang Hsu and the Liberal Party are the only hope of China, and the peace and prosperity of intercourse between the East and the West.



Sibley Bridge Over the Missouri River.

One of the determining factors in the trade distribution of the Kansas City group of municipalities.

IT was sometime in the latter part of the eighties, or not later than a year or so over into the nineties, when a long train of locomotives tooted their last farewell and rumbled away from the town of Shoshone, in Idaho, to the town of Pocatello, in the same state. The engineers and the firemen and the workmen from the yards waved their hats and handkerchiefs to the vanishing city. So much of the populace as was to remain in the place stood at the station. The storekeepers at the doors of their establishments, signalled a melancholy good-by to what had been the life of the locality.

The railroad round-houses were being removed. Pocatello, through the natural advantages of location and through the building of a line of railroad from Salt Lake City to Butte, had won out in a long fight with a settlement which had once been one of the most promising in the inland Northwest.

Ten years later the city of Shoshone had not recovered. Some of its stores had closed their doors and followed the locomotives to Pocatello. On scores of houses, formerly inhabited by the men of the rail, shutters were put up, never to be lowered until the walls should fall into decay. The population had decreased. Business had shrunk. Even the churches had been deserted and left unused.

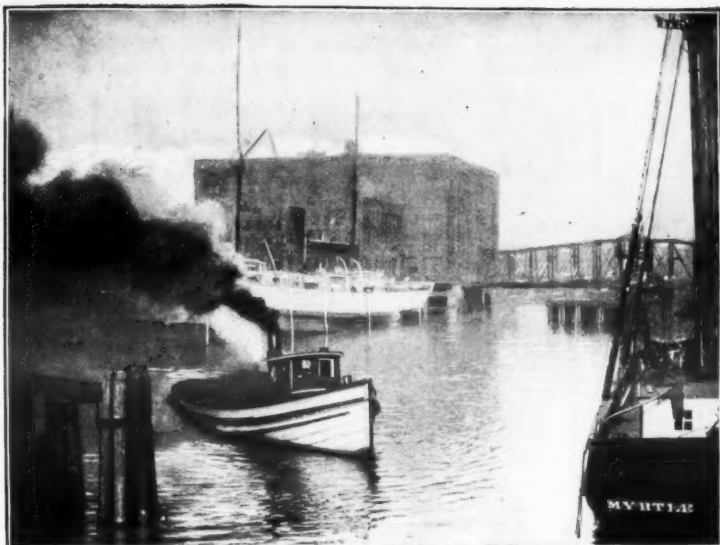
To-day Shoshone stands on the sagebrush desert, distinguished only by the fact that it is the connecting point for the wonderful falls in the Snake River which bear its name.

In the hearts of the few inhabitants lies a low hope that circumstances will some day change, and the glory of a big population once more will be enjoyed.

Pocatello, on the other hand, has grown from a shanty and a barn to a town with sidewalks. Overland trains feed their passengers at its great depots. Farmers and stockmen bring their grains and their cattle to the warehouses and the corrals. The railroad shops keep the air alive with the ring of hammered steel and the puff of engines. Circuses and dramatic companies seldom pass the opera house or the big lot on the edge of the town without giving one or two night performances. The diminutive newspaper is almost ready to become a daily. And the community in general feels its feed and its brains sufficiently to give it the political courage, should the general drift of things not be satisfactory, to oppose the capital which lies, with all its influences, at the other end of the state.

If one could go back far enough, the beginning of all cities might seem to be like that of these two in the Far West. Elsewhere the general aspect of the rivalry, of course, is much broader, but it has the same fundamental characteristics.

Beginning with the conflict between Boston and New York, which, although by this time old enough to have worn itself out two or three times over, still goes on, there is a perpetual alignment of antagonistic munici-



Scene on the Chicago River.

Within the past three years Chicago has been the centre of an extensive movement, whereby the West has been furnishing the money to move its own crops and to float its own industries.

palities along the entire seaboard of both the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Gulf coasts. Galveston is raiding the territory that once indisputably belonged to New Orleans. Newport News is burrowing like an insinuating beaver into the storehouses of trade accumulated throughout the Eastern and Middle States for shipment to New York. Tacoma and Seattle increase their ocean carrying trade over 500 per cent. in ten years, while San Francisco changes backward nearly 25 per cent.

At the headwaters of the Mississippi two cities at war—the famous “Twin Cities” of St. Paul and Minneapolis—have made a brilliant spectacle in rivalry of enterprise during the entire life of the present generation. Down the Mississippi valley, from Chicago at the southern edge of Lake Michigan to New Orleans at the inner terminus of the great jetties that render the mouth of the “Father of Waters” navigable, are ever increasing aggregations of civic force putting up against one another their greatest industrial, social and political efforts. St. Louis, the largest and most powerful of what may strictly be called the valley cities, works incessantly to overcome the handicap of Chicago's location. Omaha by the aid of two main lines of railroad whose chief offices are

within its streets, struggles valiantly against the superior numbers and the better strategic position of Kansas City. Sioux City, once Omaha's most threatening competitor, gains one of the termini of the Great Northern Railway and increases its hopes for regaining the trade which only strange circumstances ever caused it to lose.

Rising clouds of coal dust, the roaring and ringing of iron and steel factories, the whistling of lake boats and the whirring of waters beaten by fans and screws, sound lively and fiercely around the Great Lakes where Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland and other points are at commercial enmity. The Ohio River is a fortified channel of commerce banked with the strength of Cincinnati and Evansville and Louisville.

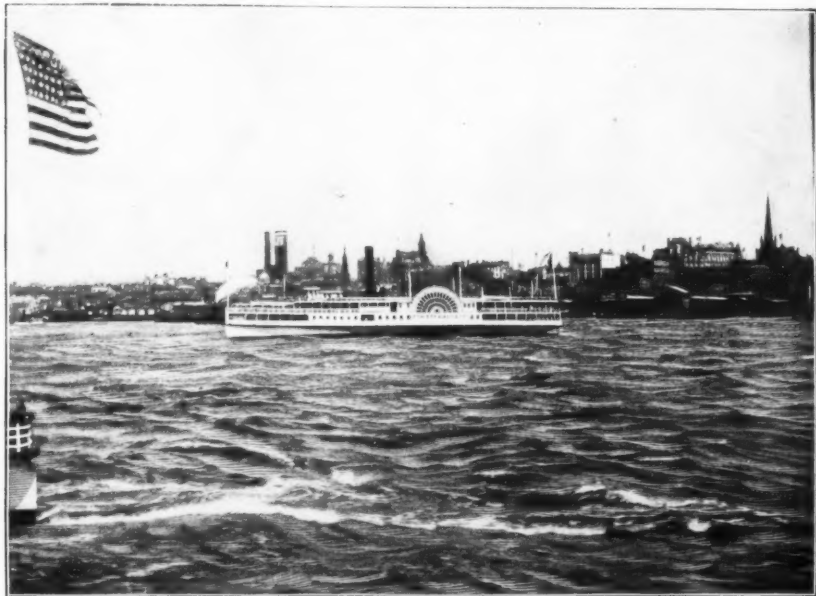
Columbus and Indianapolis and Pittsburg, interior centers of thrifty states, whose products are much alike, throw artillery at each other, as it were, across state lines and over mountains and plains; while occasional shots of solid coal and iron reverberating through the proud air over all three of these cities give notice of the power that is accumulating in the far South, so long barren and so long containing undeveloped riches under its warm sod.

Of course, the rivalry that overtops all

the rest is that of Chicago and New York. For fifteen years or more the Windy City has been steadily pressing not only upon New York, but upon all the big cities of the East. Building up from the wealth of its pork and beef-packing and grain business to the point of holding a score of large railroad systems centered in its thoroughfares, and of becoming the unquestioned distributing emporium for the extensive country of which it is the geographical pivot, it has accumulated all the elements necessary to municipal strength, and has made itself talked of and typical throughout the world as an American city. Pioneering in the matter of tall buildings, always publishing in the most broadcast manner possible anything that could advertise its name, including alike the inventions of uniqueness and iniquity; bearding the older culture of New York by making a place for the despised Theodore Thomas; challenging the traditions of education by planting a handsomely endowed, made-in-the-mould university on the level plains of its uninteresting suburbs, and then, after absorbing a hundred miles, more or less, of surrounding territory and population, astonishing its Atlantic competitor by securing

the World's Columbian Exposition on the ground that it was the most central and the most natural place for the American people to exhibit themselves and to invite the nations to participate with them—Chicago won recognition as the second city in the United States.

With the era of strife for recognition passed, the rivalry widened out into the broad contest for the control of the national and international lines of trade and commerce, and for the manipulation of the very delicate machinery of finance which governs and regulates all the balance of the civic activities. New York, as the chief seaboard of the country, is interested in compelling all trade and finance to become tributary to the main stream of international traffic that flows between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Chicago, on the other hand, as the central inland city, is interested in the development of all possible facilities and the opening of all possible lines and outlets of traffic. Her citizens, perforce, support the propositions leading to the improvement of the inter-lake navigation and the clearing of the waterway from the Lakes to the ocean *via* the St. Lawrence River. They unite in the



The Waterfront, North River, New York.

New York is the money centre of the United States. The bank clearings last year were nine times those of Chicago.

pressure upon Congress which has resulted, after years of urging, in the completion of the Drainage Canal, whereby the Great Lakes eventually will be directly connected with the Mississippi and the Gulf. And now, when the cities of the Middle West generally are reaching the state of prosperity and stability that has long marked the condition of the larger cities on the eastern side of the Alleghanies, and are looking for the most convenient points in which to concentrate their surplus and to finance their future undertakings, Chicago bankers and money-men exert their power and enterprise to prevent the gold which accumulates from the huge volume of business of the interior from traveling to far away New York and being redistributed from there. Within the past three years Chicago has been the center of an extensive movement whereby the West has been furnishing the money to move its own crops and to float its own industries. Competent authorities estimate that during 1898 and 1899 more than \$250,000,000 was thus withdrawn or withheld from the New York banks, and that within the last six months of 1899 over \$70,000,000 was loaned to railroads and industrial corporations that under former conditions would have been parcelled out from New York.

The financial is by all odds the most serious aspect of the municipal rivalry between the two typical cities of the Atlantic and the interior. The monetary center is always likely to be the national center, and Chicago's marvelous energy, coupled with its commanding territorial location, certainly may give the metropolis of the country ground for at least a little uneasiness. How much of a handicap Chicago has to overcome, however, is shown in the total clearings of the two cities for 1899:

New York City.....	\$57,368,230,771
Chicago.....	6,368,946,314

Next to the Chicago-New York affair in liveliness and stretch of interest has been the long contention between Chicago and St. Louis. These two aggregations of busy and ambitious metropolitans—composed in great part of the same character, St. Louis having perhaps the larger number of Germans and Chicago the larger number of Irish—dispute the title to consideration as the central city of the continent. St. Louis heralds itself as the "largest city on the largest river in the world." Chicago admits no restrictions to its largeness, and seems to proceed upon the theory that if it is not already, it can be

made to be and therefore will be, the largest city on the largest lake at the head of the largest river in the center of the largest nation in the world—barring China. St. Louis stands nearer to the grain and agricultural belt than her rival. She is the natural feeder from the West into the South. Coal, iron and zinc come up from her immediate neighboring country by the trainload. She has an open route by water to the sea. She is on at least one of the lines of international traffic. Yet Chicago has more than three times the population of St. Louis. Her buildings are bigger and handsomer and more numerous. The volume of her trade is greater. The amount of gold in her banks is higher up in the millions.

POPULATION.

Chicago (estimated).....	1,900,000
St. Louis ".....	631,000

BANK CLEARINGS.

Chicago.....	\$6,612,313,611
St. Louis.....	1,638,348,203

WHEAT RECEIPTS (INCREASE FROM 1890 TO 1898.)

Chicago.....	250 per cent.
St. Louis.....	33 per cent.

HOGS PACKED.

Chicago.....	6,747,265
St. Louis.....	1,238,810

St. Louis, however, is no dragging member in the strife. Although, notwithstanding her struggling enterprise and sturdy determination, she is compelled to contemplate the superior push and great start of Chicago as it wrestles much from her that she might well call her own, she gets her citizens together, and in the stillness of her boards of trade and traffic associations shows that she has been making inroads upon New York and Boston only slightly less than those made by Chicago. Within the past ten years the shoe and leather manufacturing has been gradually drawing away from its old haunts around Boston and Lynn and hugging closer to the source of production of the raw material in the Far West. St. Louis shoe drummers are now as ubiquitous as those of the East, and the city boasts of the largest factory in the United States under one roof.

BOOT AND SHOE TRADE OF ST. LOUIS.

Manufactured product.....	\$11,375,000
Jobbing distribution.....	25,266,000

These figures are second only to those of Boston.

Similarly in dry goods and hardware St. Louis has been fighting against New York, Chicago, Boston, and the interior cities of Pennsylvania, on the ground that it is the natural distributing point for all the territory lying west and south and northward to the edge of the natural zone of Chicago. Great zest has accompanied the dry goods phase of the war, the situation having been at about "Love-all" until the Spanish war, when St. Louis took advantage of the blockade of business on the Atlantic and finally

outflow of valuable woods in competition with those which formerly proceeded chiefly from the North and Northwest. St. Louis, with vim and enterprise, has taken this flow into its corral and branded it with its own mark, until at the present time it is the greatest car furniture manufacturing city in America, and is rapidly taking away from Racine, Detroit, Minneapolis and such places the supremacy in the manufacture of all kinds of furniture.

Likewise in the vicinity where the Mis-



Scene on the Levee at New Orleans.

The diversion of Western products to the Gulf has developed an intense rivalry between Galveston, New Orleans and Mobile.

and irretrievably captured the Southwest. St. Louis figures are now about as follows:

Dry goods.....	\$45,000,000
Hardware.....	20,000,000
Woodenware.....	7,500,000
(Largest output in the United States.)	
Groceries, lbs.....	60,000,000
Candy, lbs.....	35,000,000
Tobacco, lbs.....	45,000,000
(One firm put out 27,500,000 pounds of plug tobacco.)	

At St. Louis is represented also another of the typical sectional contests of the country. By the opening of enormous forests of hardwood in the South, there has been an

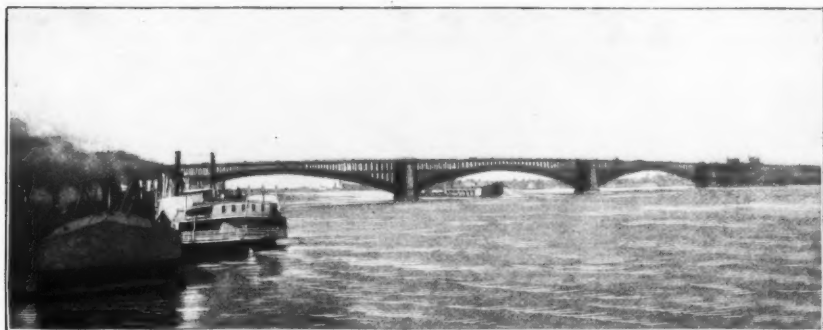
souri and the Mississippi bring their muddy and powerful waters into union, is typified the westward movement of the iron and steel industries. Standing in the midst of the coal and iron regions of Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma, at the foot of the slide where the same products from Colorado may land, near the Memphis gateway to the new iron and coal resources of Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, St. Louis has already become one of the most important of the makers of structural iron. But the making of structural iron and the hammering out of all manner of things metallic is becoming the specialty of all the principal cities between the iron and copper mines of Minnesota and

Wisconsin, and the mountains of Alabama; St. Louis, therefore, is likely to have the severest struggle in its trade history to maintain any ascendancy. At Cleveland, in Ohio, such institutions as the American Steel and Wire Company are creating immense business, affecting all phases of municipal life. More industrial corporations were float-

bank clearings for the periods between 1890 and 1899, and between 1892 and 1899 will reflect fairly well the present status of the conflict:

POPULATION.

	1890.	1899.
Cincinnati.....	296,908	405,000
Cleveland.....	261,353	400,000



The Bridge Across the Mississippi at St. Louis.

St. Louis is the natural feeder from the West into the South. St. Louis is steadily gaining in the fight for trade against New York, Chicago and Boston.

ed in Ohio and its vicinity—or at least had their centers of operation there—in 1899 than in all other portions of the United States combined. Cleveland, in particular, reflected the effect of the “combine” movement upon municipal life and strength, the bank clearings of the city advancing over 75 per cent. in the seven years between 1892 and 1899, and the population increasing from 296,000 to 400,000 in the nine years between 1890 and 1899.

What may be called the Lake Cities—those that lie within the mineral radius, as contrasted with those which, while lying within the same radius in whole or in part, are properly called River Cities (*i. e.*, Cincinnati, Evansville, Louisville and St. Louis) have behind them almost the same railway necessities as the latter to draw upon their iron and steel manufactures, but they have also the immeasurable advantage of the demands which originate in the heavier water craft of the inland seas. Points like Cleveland, Sandusky and Toledo can scarcely be expected to get an ultimate lead over St. Louis, but their rapid growth since the iron, coal, oil and lake resources were opened up on a large scale foreshadows probably the most intense general municipal struggle that has yet taken place in America.

The following statistics of population and

Detroit.....	205,876	343,000
Milwaukee.....	204,468	290,000
Minneapolis.....	164,738	225,000
St. Paul.....	133,156	200,000
Indianapolis.....	105,436	200,000
Toledo.....	81,434	160,000

BANK CLEARINGS.

	1892.	1899.
Cincinnati.....	\$750,789,400	\$748,490,350
Cleveland.....	296,577,748	518,638,779
Detroit.....	364,182,629	415,073,499
Milwaukee.....	358,268,310	286,584,023
Minneapolis....	438,053,318	539,705,249
St. Paul.....	271,125,301	239,306,455
Indianapolis...	118,616,627	147,373,443
Toledo.....	68,223,952	99,177,994

Were it not that the antagonism between Chicago and St. Louis has been of so much national moment as to overshadow everything else in the West, the valiant battling of the City by the Kaw—Kansas City—against St. Louis would forge forward as one of the most highly dramatic and determined of all the innumerable contests. Hardly a score of years has elapsed since these two places made common cause against the Windy City in an effort to control the agricultural and live stock business west of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio, but as St. Louis pushed up into the first class,

Kansas City was relegated to the leadership of the group of cities along the Missouri, including Omaha and Sioux City. Without much difficulty St. Joseph and Leavenworth—at one time the great trading posts for all overland travel—were distanced, and with more difficulty, but with none the less of success, Omaha and Sioux City were put to the rear. Recently—that is, within the late period wherein the live stock business of Chicago has been working westward—Omaha and Sioux City have both gained big packing houses and stockyards, but Kansas City has used much of the same sort of vim that built Chicago on the Illinois swamps, and is far and away ahead of its competitors. Kansas City boasts of but one railroad system less than Chicago, having twenty systems and thirty-nine lines of road at the close of 1899. Although St. Louis perhaps is the greatest maker of agricultural implements, Kansas City is in the same business for keeps, and already proves that it holds the greatest distributive trade in this line, the total amount being of \$18,000,000 value annually.

One of the determining factors in the future of Kansas City probably will also be a determining factor in the destiny of most of the cities that lie westward of the Blue Ridge. That factor is the relative population and industrial and commercial strength of the cities along the Gulf. As yet there is but one conspicuous rivalry along these warm waters, but others are arising, and all

of them are typical of conditions more or less revolutionary in their general effect upon the country. For reasons too remote for analysis in this article, Galveston, with Kansas City and Chicago vim behind it, has been making terrific inroads upon the commerce that once almost exclusively belonged to New Orleans. The following tabulation shows the situation:

BANK CLEARINGS.

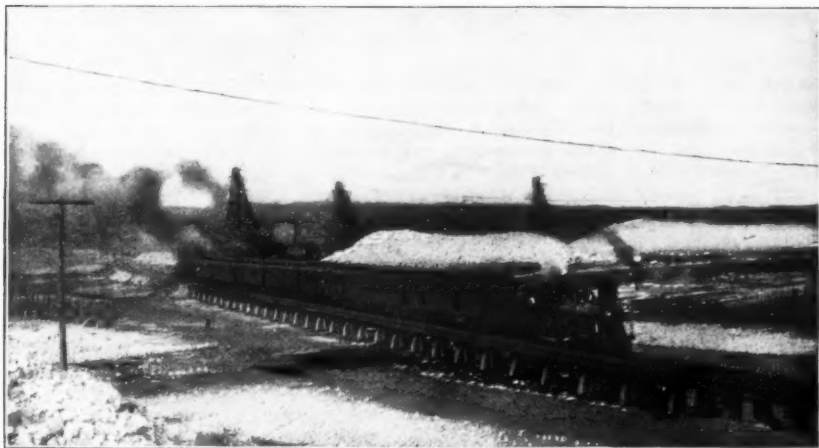
	1892.	1899.
Galveston.....	\$276,468,652	\$345,923,700
New Orleans..	508,199,283	458,219,218

COMMERCE.

	1890.	1899.
Galveston.....	\$25,169,487	\$81,342,270
New Orleans...	122,785,054	98,628,244

Mobile, too, under the stimulus of the activities in Alabama and the other Southern states, has been growing, (while New Orleans has been going backward,) the increase of commerce between 1890 and 1899 being from \$3,479,444 to \$10,485,072—or nearly three-fold.

It is not so much, however, the question of the rapidity with which Galveston or Mobile may advance as compared with New Orleans, that promises to influence the standing of the Western cities. It is rather the question of how much the enterprise of these two cities—with the aid of the new port and town of Port Arthur—may stimulate co-operation among all the cities of the Gulf and thereby line up a strong force in a fight



The Chicago Drainage Canal and the Colorado Express of the Santa Fe Railroad.

The first will tie Chicago to the Gulf, the second connects it with the Pacific.

against the North Atlantic and the Great Lakes. Within five years Galveston has pulled away from New York, Boston and Baltimore the supremacy in the handling of cotton, and is rapidly taking from all other points the first position in the handling of the Southwestern corn and wheat. Mobile is gaining an iron and steel and woodwork

Against such a contingency as the last named, all the tremendous forces of the East seem to be more or less arrayed. At any rate, the great railroad combinations of 1898-1900 appear to have originated in New York and its compeers, and to have to do with the centering of the main lines of traffic along courses north of the Ohio. In the latter part of 1899

Kansas City's direct outlet to the Gulf—the so-called Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad—was absorbed by the same financial elements that reorganized the Union Pacific and Oregon Short lines, and that combined the Chicago and Alton and the Kansas City Southwestern, as lately as June of the current year. In this latter month also a combination was effected between the Illi-



"Baltimore's Vast Freight."

business which formerly did not fall south of Baltimore, and it has some promise ahead of developments in shipbuilding. Many great influences are at work, including that of the powerful Illinois Central Railroad, to compel the exports of the Mississippi Valley to take the natural and water level route to the ocean *via* the "Father of Waters," rather than to climb the mountains that intervene between the West and the Atlantic. A more or less sectional feeling has grown up, extending westward to Denver, favoring the diversion of Western products of all sorts to the Gulf. If it should so develop that sufficient inhabitants and sufficient wealth concentrate in the Gulf cities, it seems likely that the Atlantic cities will find their aggregate of traffic seriously impaired—or at least, their sources of it seriously diminished—and that such places as Kansas City, St. Louis, Memphis, and perhaps Omaha will be materially aided in their efforts for growth and greatness by the additional and shorter route to the sea afforded by flowing down the natural drain of the continent to the mouth of the Mississippi.

nois Central and one of the trunk line roads to New York in order to perfect the Central's connection with Omaha and the Far West.

Further, Newport News, whose burrowing into the business of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston has long been creating more or less alarm, was virtually taken into the Atlantic consolidation when it became a part of the combination, or the rumored combination, of the Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad lines. And, as if further to buttress in the flow of commerce so that it could not possibly move southward, the steamships on the Great Lakes were admitted into the fold by a traffic agreement with the so-called Eastern trunk lines.

Of course, westward of the zone of conflict of which Kansas City is the central point, lies a field where the elements are too new and too primitive to determine fixed lines or to suggest future probabilities. Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana produce coal and iron, in addition to their precious metals. On the basis of these substances

Pueblo may become a second Pittsburg. Butte is already unique in its remarkable copper mines. Salt Lake City has made a greater portion of its riches—as Denver has done—on silver and gold. But all of these cities—save Butte, whose sulphur fumes are deadly to most vegetable life—have the manifold elements to build upon that are to be found in the older vicinities of the Ohio and Mississippi, and they have yet to measure their final forces. Their individual strength may prove to be so great as effectually to scatter the transcontinental lines of traffic that are now forming and to repeat

But the Puget Sound cities are making the faster growth in the matter of total exports and imports, as the following table shows:

	1890.	1899.
Puget Sound.....	\$3,631,434	\$23,254,938
San Francisco...	85,627,314	65,206,371

What lies on the continent of America back of the Pacific Coast and eastward to the crest of the Rockies will probably have as much determining influence as will the future commerce with the Orient in the rivalry between San Francisco and Puget Sound. Puget Sound has in its immediate



Pacific Avenue, Tacoma.

The Puget Sound cities are making a faster growth than San Francisco in total exports and imports.

in the West the same long struggle for municipal position that has occurred in and around the Great Lakes and the Mississippi.

San Francisco and Puget Sound will watch this conflict with the same interest that New York and Boston have watched the conflict in the Middle West. San Francisco stands now in the matter of population in the ratio of three to one to the two principal cities of Puget Sound combined, and in the matter of bank clearings as follows:

San Francisco.....	1899.	\$970,715,759
Seattle {		
Tacoma {		148,721,957

neighborhood the greater amount of wood and fuel for the purposes of commerce, but San Francisco has in its neighborhood the greater and richer region for the general support of population. Years will elapse before the two districts will reach the point of competition with the similarly situated cities of the Atlantic, but already there are plans afoot for compelling much of the shipping which hitherto has gone from the Atlantic ports to the Orient, *via* Suez, Cape Town and Magellan, to cross the American continent first and to take ship at the edges of the Pacific. Ultimately this can but mean the rivalry of the two shores.



The Adventures of Nicholas Carter

By

Charles Westbrook

I.

CONVICTED BY A CAMERA

MR. NICHOLAS CARTER stood in the light of an August morning upon the veranda of the huge hotel that looks eastward across Lake Monowai. His attention was directed toward a pretty young woman, with a mass of yellow hair piled high upon her head, who was waving adieux in the direction of the hotel 'bus which had just started for the railroad station.

It was obvious that the object of these farewells must be the young woman's husband—a slender and somewhat effeminate man, who leaned out from the back of the long coach to throw a kiss. Mr. Carter was conscious of a vague interest in these two people whom he had never seen before. The man's appearance was indeterminate; he was clearly a person of much culture and little force, easy in pocket, and with no important work in the world. The woman was much the higher creature. Her aspect revealed strength and purpose. From the motion of her hand, and the positions of the fingers and thumb, she must be an artist; and it flashed across Mr. Carter's mind that she was Celia Harper Gilman, the painter of cats. Mr. Carter had seen some of her work in the original, and much more in photographic reproduction, and he admired it exceedingly.

For some minutes she stood there, and Mr. Carter would have wagered his professional reputation that her mind did not wander from a single subject. He was surprised to learn, from a glance of her eye, that it had some connection with Miss Carol Bishop, an heiress of vast possessions, whose summer house, ornate with towers and pinnacles,

was visible above the foliage upon the south shore of the lake. Mrs. Gilman's eyes wandered in that direction; her face took on an expression of annoyance; then she pressed her lips firmly together, as she turned about, and walked hastily into the hotel.

Thinking upon that which he had observed Mr. Carter was disposed to regard it as a coincidence that Miss Carol Bishop was the cause of his own presence in that region. He had been upon close terms with her father, now two years deceased, and had thus been the more ready to oblige the daughter in a matter that might otherwise have seemed trivial. He had received a letter from her, on the previous day, in which she had begged him to come to Monowai and recover a missing ring worth some hundreds of dollars, intrinsically, and much more, sentimentally, since it had been her mother's favorite trinket.

He had arrived in Monowai early in the evening, and had gone at once to Pine Lodge, by which humble title Miss Bishop's vast and costly palace was designated. She had received him with great surprise, for though she had written the letter, she had not mailed it, having decided that he would not wish to be employed upon so small a matter. Investigation revealed that the letter had probably been mailed by Miss Bishop's maid, for no one else in the house had known of its existence. The maid knew its contents, but she denied having mailed it. Singularly enough, there were strong reasons for believing that the girl herself had stolen the ring.

For reasons unimportant to this story, Mr.

Carter had declined Miss Bishop's hospitality and had spent the night at the hotel. It had been arranged that the young lady should drive over to the hotel in the forenoon, and the detective was waiting for her as he stood on the veranda.

Landlord Benton Phelps presently joined him, and strove absurdly to hide, beneath some talk of the weather, his curiosity as to the detective's errand in those parts. As they conversed, Mrs. Gilman came out, sturdily bearing a weighty and various burden. She had a large camera and tripod, a folding chair, a sketch book and case of pencils, something that looked like a big, light, rubber blanket folded and thrown across her left shoulder, and four cats. Three of the animals followed her demurely; the fourth was perched upon the blanket.

"Evidently Mrs. Gilman is a person of energy, and one who likes to manage her own affairs," said Nick. "She could afford a retinue of servants to carry her belongings, if one may judge from appearances."

"She has a bit of money," replied Phelps, "and her husband has plenty. But, as you say, she does everything for herself. It's her way. She's going out to photograph the tabbies and sketch them, too. There's a little nook, on the other side of that grove, where she works, almost every pleasant morning. It's a place where she's pretty sure not to be interrupted."

"She spreads that blanket on the ground," he continued, "and makes the kittens play on it. The light color sets them off in the photographs. She has a long rubber tube connecting with the camera, and when the kittens get into just the right position, she presses the bulb, and the picture is taken instantly. In that way she can get right down with the tabbies and make them do what she wants

them to. They mind her like soldiers, and never run away. I went out there one morning to see the sight, but she didn't like it. That's understood now, and nobody ever goes near."

The two men walked toward the north end of the veranda. Mrs. Gilman was just disappearing among the trees. A young woman



"Three of the animals followed her demurely; the fourth was perched upon the blanket."

who resembled her somewhat in figure and carriage was passing along the path which skirted that end of the house. She had a light cape over her shoulders, and her attitude dimly suggested that she might be concealing something under it.

"That's Mrs. Gilman's cousin," said Phelps, observing that his companion's glance followed the girl. "She lives with them, but I don't think they agree very well. Olive Harper is her name. She'll be a rich woman in a year or two, when she comes into her share of the Harper estate. She'll get half a million, unless she marries the wrong man. But it isn't the lack of the consent of her relatives that will keep her single. What she can't get is the consent of the man. He's a handsome little dude named Griswold—H. Frazier Griswold. He's staying at this house."

"I met Mr. Griswold last evening," said Carter.

"Then you must have been up to the Bishop cottage," rejoined Phelps. "He spends most of his time there. He's hunting bigger game than Olive Harper."

The detective had not much appetite for this gossip. If Miss Harper loved a man who did not love her, he was sorry for her, but the subject was not one that he could discuss. The girl, meanwhile, followed the path which entered the wood a considerable distance westward of the place where Mrs. Gilman had disappeared.

The two men walked back to the spot where Carter had first been standing, and there they remained in conversation for about half an hour when the clamor of some children on the lawn attracted their attention.

"They're chasing a cat," said Phelps, looking over the railing. "Why, that's queer! It's one of Mrs. Gilman's."

A ten-year-old boy had captured pussy, and was bringing her up the steps.

"She's hurt her foot," he cried. "It's bleeding."

Indeed, there was a stain of blood upon one little white paw, and it was clearly visible as the boy held the animal up for Mr. Phelps' inspection. That gentleman was adjusting his eyeglasses and bending forward when he felt Carter's hand upon his arm.

"As quickly as you can," said the detective, earnestly, "get a doctor and follow me to that place in the woods."

"Why—why—" stammered Phelps.

Carter put his lips close to the other's ear.

"That is not the cat's blood," he said.

The next moment he cleared the steps at

a bound. Phelps, standing stock-still in the grip of dire alarm, beheld, directly in front of him, Dr. Eugene Pearson, one of the guests of the hotel.

"Come!" he cried; and the doctor, professionally familiar with emergencies, responded with his legs and not with his voice.

The detective entered the grove at the point where he had last seen Mrs. Gilman, and dashed straight across to the field beyond. This open space was of an oval shape, a cove of the lake at one end. Upon the northern side was a thick, low growth, merging beyond the cove into a sprucewood along the lake shore where were some small, rude cottages, not in use that season.

Some bushes grew out into the field, upon Carter's right hand, and beyond them he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Gilman's camera standing upon the tripod. A big Angora cat was slinking along the edge of the wood, frightened and with the look of a wild animal.

Mrs. Gilman herself was not visible until Carter had sprung through the bushes. Then he beheld her lying face upward upon the blanket which she had spread on a level bit of hard turf closely clipped. There was a dreadful quantity of blood beside her, held as in a dish by the blanket. She had been stabbed to the heart; stabbed in the back, and killed by a single blow.

When Phelps and Dr. Pearson came crashing through the wood, they found the detective standing with his back to the corpse, and examining the camera as if it had been offered to him for purchase in a store.

He checked the two men with a sharp word and a warning gesture.

"She is beyond help," he said. "This is murder. We must find out who did it. Stop all who come this way and line them out, as a guard from here to the lake. Let no one come out upon this open ground. The clews are here; they must not be trampled upon."

Pearson and Phelps were both tactful and ready men. They perceived the importance of the detective's command, and they executed it with excellent discretion. Scores of people came running toward the scene, but the first arrivals were men to whom the idea of the cordon was quickly comprehensible. Some of the young women, too, did good work in restraining the children; and as a result of it all, the field was kept clear enough to assure the preservation of all important traces which it might bear.

While the sentries were being posted, the detective continued his investigations. He

remembered that Mrs. Gilman had worn a diamond brooch at her throat, and some rings which had impressed him as being over-valuable considering the occasion. She had also carried at her belt a purse that had seemed to be full of money. The rings and the pin were missing, and the purse lay upon the ground, empty. It had been rudely torn away, bringing the belt of the gown with it. The dress was ripped open at the throat.

Upon the edge of the hard ground where the blanket was spread, Mrs. Gilman's footprints could be seen; hers and another's. There was a record of two women in that spot, but of no man except the detective, and those who had come after him. The other footprints were somewhat larger than Mrs. Gilman's; there was one very good impression in a bit of soft ground. It must have been made only a few seconds before the deed, for when the assassin bent over her victim, probably at that moment in the very throes of death, the left shoe of the criminal had been wet enough to make a distinct mark on the light blanket, or to be absolutely accurate, the mark was partly on the blanket and partly on the white rubber bulb which has been described as an appearance of Mrs. Gilman's camera.

From the scene of the crime, the murderess could be traced along the edge of the grove almost to the gap in the trees. At this point the ground became so hard that no footprints could be perceived. They ceased just by the edge of a tennis court that had been measured off and partly marked, about a week before, but had been abandoned because Mr. Phelps had permitted the use of a much more desirable piece of ground at the southern end of the lawn in front of the hotel. The last trace of the footprints, going toward the lake, was in the lime which had been used in marking the abandoned court. Just before reaching that point the murderess had paused, as if unwilling to pass the gap. In doing so she would have risked observation from any one who might be on the hotel lawn, and especially from some tennis players on the new courts.

Close by the spot where the descending footprints ceased, another line of them led upward from the direction of the lake. Almost immediately, however, they branched off, crossing the field toward the north. In that direction the ground soon became so hard that the tracks could not be followed, but it was probable that they could be found upon the other side.

Carter did not attempt to do so, at that time. He returned to the point where the tracks leading toward the lake ceased, and those in the other direction began to be visible. There he found excellent impressions, which he examined with his microscope, and copied upon paper.

Having done this, the detective walked back to the scene of the crime. Under his orders, the body was conveyed to the hotel. He himself with great care took down the camera. At this moment a boy came running out of the woods, screaming, and holding aloft a knife which he had found. It was a small carving knife of the kind sometimes laid with meats in the Monowai Hotel. The blade was stained with blood. There could be little doubt that it was the one with which the crime had been committed.

"Show me where you found it," said Carter, as he took up the camera.

The boy led the way about forty feet back into the grove, and pointed out the spot where the knife had lain. The countenance of the detective assumed an expression of satisfaction, as he thanked the boy, and proceeded on his way to the hotel.

The moment that he emerged from the belt of trees, he perceived that some strange scene was in progress upon the veranda. Though he could not see the body of Mrs. Gilman, he knew that it must be there; that something had stopped the bearers on their way. In a moment he was amazed to see Mr. Gilman, whose figure started up as if through the floor of the veranda. He must have been prone beside the body. His long black hair was dishevelled; he was wringing his hands, and even at that distance the detective could perceive the pallor and the contortion of his face. But just as Carter mounted the steps at the north end of the veranda, Gilman suddenly became calm. He had been speaking wildly; he checked all utterance, and merely by a motion of the hand indicated his wish that the bearers should proceed. They lifted the corpse and went on into the hotel, Gilman following.

In the parlor of the apartments which the Gilmans had occupied the detective set down the camera. Gilman, perceiving him, came out of the bed-room which had been his wife's. He did not seem to have any rational object, and he said nothing. His actions were like those of an automaton. Landlord Phelps, approaching, said: "This gentleman is Mr. Carter—'Nick' Carter, the detective."

Gilman bowed.

"You can assist me greatly," the de-

tective said to him, "if, as I believe, you have a knowledge of photography."

He glanced at Gilman's left hand, which bore a small stain, suggestive of work with chemicals.

"Yes," replied Gilman, "I understand it. Why?"

"This camera was focussed almost exactly upon the spot where your wife lay," said Nick. "She had been posing the kittens. After the deed, the murderer, bending over her, stepped on this bulb. If a photograph has not already been taken upon the plate that was in the camera, we undoubtedly have here a most remarkable record. It may show the murderer's face."

A light suddenly leaped into Gilman's dull eyes. Then he was seized with a violent trembling.



"Just before reaching that point the murderess had paused, as if unwilling to pass the gap."

"I—I dare not do this," he said. "I am too weak. Some accident—I might break the plate. You can develop it, Mr. Carter, can you not? The thing is too precious for these hands."

He extended them, and they quivered as if he had been shaken with palsy.

"Yes," said Nick; "you are right. Perhaps I had better do it."

He went to Gilman's side, and took him by the hand, kindly.

"Forgive me," he said, but the words were spoken in so low a tone that they did not reach Gilman's ears.

For the next two hours the detective was busy with the camera. In the first minutes, before he learned what was on the plate, he was thrilled with an unusual excitement. To have found the assassin's face would have been an experience new even to this man of many strange adventures.

What he did find was sufficiently remarkable. The finished print disclosed the scene of the crime with horrifying fidelity. The body was perfectly distinct, the face less rigid than Nick had seen it, and yet surely the face of the dead. And across the picture, exaggerated by its nearness, and black with the shadow from the murderer's head, stretched a hand, with fingers bent and tense from the awful excitement of that moment.

Nothing of the assassin was visible except the hand and wrist, the latter somewhat indistinct, but showing the cuff of a waist, edged with lace.

It was the left hand. Upon the little finger were two plain gold bands, and upon the third finger one. The hand itself was long and slender, yet strong for a woman's.

Gilman, who had followed the process of the picture's development, gazed upon this hand with sullen horror.

"It cannot be recognized," he said. "The shadow upon it, and the fact that it is out of focus make this record valueless, I fear."

"It will not prove to be so," said the detective, as he put it into his pocket. "Wait for me here. I shall have important news for you soon."

He descended to the veranda of the hotel, where he found Miss Bishop waiting. She had driven over from her house, accompanied by Mr. Griswold, and had arrived not long after the discovery of the murderer. All thought of the petty crime of which she had been the victim had, of course, vanished from Miss Bishop's mind, but the detective quickly recalled it.

"Is there any possibility," he asked,

"that Mrs. Gilman could have mailed that letter to me?"

"She might have done so," replied the young lady, astonished; "but why consider so small—"

"The greater may include the less," said Nick. "Suppose that Mrs. Gilman knew who stole your ring; that for some reason she did not wish to tell you, yet strongly desired the detection of the thief; that she mailed the letter and the thief found it out; there would be a motive of revenge."

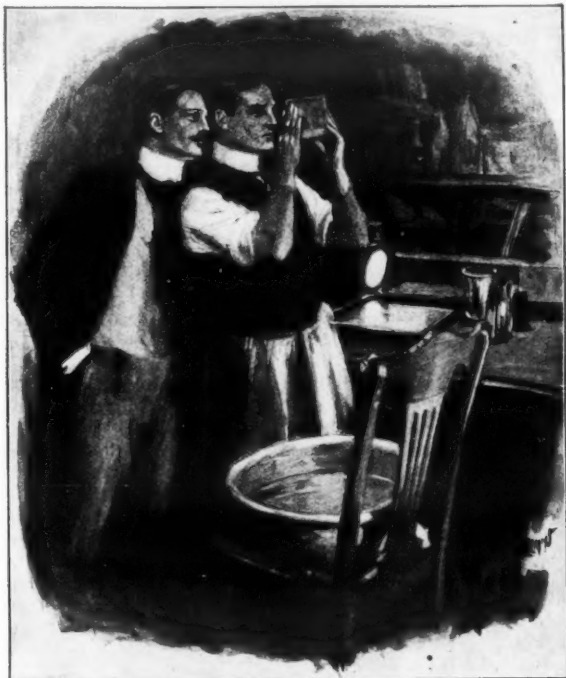
some other letters which I tore up while she was there."

"Do you know any reason why she should have taken such an extraordinary interest in this robbery?" asked Nick.

Miss Bishop shook her head.

"Have you remarked anything strange in her conduct of late?" was Nick's next question; but Miss Bishop could say no more than that Mrs. Gilman had taken a sudden interest in her.

Remembering what he had read in the



"Across the picture . . . stretched a hand, with fingers bent and tense from the awful excitement of that moment."

"You don't believe this yourself, Mr. Carter," said Griswold, whose eyes had been upon the detective's face.

"You are shrewd," replied Nick, regarding the dapper little fellow with a smile of approval; "I don't. And yet I think it probable that Mrs. Gilman mailed the letter."

"Upon my word, I believe she did!" exclaimed Miss Bishop. "She saw it in my room; she knew what it was about; and I did not see it after she left the room. I had a vague idea that I had destroyed it, with

artist's face that morning, Nick asked whether Mrs. Gilman had made any disclosure to Miss Bishop or had seemed upon the point of doing so.

"I think I can answer that in the affirmative," was the reply. "There has been something on her mind. She has seemed about to approach some subject, but has fled away from it. I have no idea what it could be."

At this moment Miss Harper ascended the steps of the veranda, carrying a parasol and

a book. She had passed many people on the path leading around the hotel, but no one had had the resolution to speak to her. At the head of the steps she suddenly seemed to become conscious that she was the center of an extraordinary interest.

"Why, what's the matter?" she cried, almost involuntarily; and then as no one answered, she approached Carol Bishop, who rose to meet her.

There was evidence of hostility in the girl's attitude, and Nick recalled what Phelps had said of her romance. Probably it was Mr. Griswold rather than Miss Bishop to whom the girl was really turning for help in her embarrassment.

"Where have you been, Olive?" asked Griswold.

"Up on the hill, with my book," she replied. "You knew I was going, didn't you?"

Nick judged that Miss Harper had told the young man in the hope that he might meet her in the wood.

"Why are all these people staring at me?" she continued. "What has happened?"

Miss Bishop tried to lead her into the house, but she insisted upon being told at once. She bore the shock of the disclosure with somewhat unusual fortitude, but there was nothing suspicious in her demeanor. She seemed much concerned to appear brave and strong in Griswold's presence. Her love for him was almost grotesquely obvious to Nick's trained vision. There was every indication that it was preying upon her health and even upon her mind.

Griswold, according to Phelps' story, had once paid her most marked attention. Did she believe that her cousin had caused her to lose the young man's love? If that could be established, it would constitute a motive which, combined with other evidence, might prove a menace to Miss Harper's liberty. It was unfortunate that she should have spent that critical time alone in the woods.

Nick looked at her critically, estimating her strength. Then he said, suddenly: "I have here a portrait of the assassin's hand."

He drew the picture from his pocket. The shock was tremendous upon all three persons. The two women shrank back, until Griswold had taken the photograph; then they peered nervously over his shoulder.

Nick saw a strange look come into Carol Bishop's eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

She turned toward Miss Harper.

"Olive," she whispered; "that lace?"

Miss Harper reeled for an instant, and

then regained her self-command by a tremendous effort.

"You mean," she said, "that it is like that on the cuff of my pink waist. So it is; I admit it. But that is not my hand."

No one spoke. These four persons were now the center of an ever augmenting group. Olive looked wildly around. Then she raised her left hand suddenly.

"Is it mine? Is it mine?" she cried.

"I must say that it looks like it," said Griswold.

The girl came close up to him, and stared straight into his eyes a level glance, for they were of equal height.

"Harry," she said in a voice that shook with desperation, "do you think I could have done this deed?"

He made an effort to speak, and then turned away. Olive stretched out her hand as if to grasp his shoulder, but did not touch him, for her eyes no longer saw. She fell forward into Nick's arms.

As he held her, a man pushed his way into the heart of the group and extended his right arm toward Nick's face. There was a faintly shining object in the palm of his hand, but only Nick saw it. A moment later, having put the fainting girl into a chair and commended her to Miss Bishop's care, he secretly possessed himself of that which the man had brought. It was a round locket, thinly gold-plated, and worn down to the baser metal in many places.

"Ten yards from the shore," said the man who had brought it.

He was a lake boatman who had received certain orders from the detective very soon after the discovery of the crime.

Nick looked anxiously at Miss Harper, who was reviving under the ministrations of Miss Bishop and Dr. Pearson.

"I wish her to hear what I have to say," said Nick, aside to the doctor. "Is she strong enough?"

"She can, if she must," was the reply.

Nick looked into the girl's eyes until he received an answering gleam of intelligence.

"Miss Harper," he said, "we have discovered something very important."

He displayed the locket.

"It is the one Celia wore," responded the girl.

"Precisely," said the detective, "and it has a very important bearing on this case. Ah, Mr. Gilman"—turning toward the gentleman who had suddenly appeared—"I am glad you have come. I was about to send for you."

"I am ready to speak with decision about this case. It has presented some strange features, and among them I think every one must have noted the extraordinary bravado of the assassin. Why, the creature moved about that field as if observation were the last thing to be dreaded.

"After the deed was done, the murderer walked along the edge of the trees, toward the lake, ready, of course, to plunge into cover if pursued, and yet indifferent to the eye of any chance observer.

"Following the footprints, I came to the edge of the hard ground where the tennis court was to be laid out. There I saw some very relevant marks; a right foot planted squarely across the trail, and sinking deeply, especially upon the inner side of the toe, the side toward the lake. Ahead of it, the left foot, lightly printed, and pointed straight forward.

"That was clear enough, wasn't it? The person had thrown something with great force toward the lake, fifty yards distant. So I sent this boatman to drag the lake, and he found this locket ten yards from the shore. Then the assassin threw it 180 feet."

"How do you know she didn't go down to the shore?" asked Gilman. "No woman could throw anything so far as that."

"The foot that was going down to the lake," replied the detective, "stepped into

the lime that had marked the court, and my magnifying glass showed that same lime in the imprint of the foot that was returning. So it would have taken few steps on the hard ground; barely enough to recover from the shock of the throw, and to turn about.



"Celia Harper beheld him paying court to a young woman of gigantic fortune, and threatened to expose him."

"And now look at this hand. See the three plain rings. How peculiar those two look upon the little finger. They are tilted together upon the back of the hand, which we see, and are wide apart on the other side which we don't see. What does that mean? Why, there are two big jewels in those rings. They don't belong upon that hand at all. They weren't worn originally on the

same finger of anybody's hand. The larger of them is outward; would any one have put them on in that way, deliberately?

"Certainly not. These are Mrs. Gilman's rings. They were torn from her fingers by the murderer, who had no pocket to put them in, and so put them on his fingers. A woman would have had a place for them, but a man in woman's clothes was at a loss."

This statement made a tremendous sensation in the group surrounding the detective.

"We come now to the locket," he continued. "Mr. Gilman, what is inside of it?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "That locket is what may be called a familiar mystery with us. My wife said she kept it because it reminded her of the giver, for both were spurious. You see, the locket is but a poor plate."

"The catch is broken so that it cannot be opened," said Nick. "That is why the murderer took so much pains to throw it away. Otherwise, he would have opened it, and removed the contents. He was aware that its secret had been guarded by Mrs. Gilman. Let us venture to intrude upon it."

The detective took out a large pocket-knife, and forced the spring of the locket to yield. There was a cry from all around as it opened in his hands.

They crowded toward them, but he waved them back.

"I see here," he said, "that face of a rascally fortune-hunter who offered his spurious love to Celia Harper years ago, and was by her found out for what he is. He tried the same false game with her cousin, Miss Olive, and Celia stood in his way, not openly denouncing him, but threatening to do so."

"Then came a turn in his affairs. He played for an enormous stake. Celia Harper—then Mrs. Gilman—beheld him paying court to a young woman of gigantic fortune, and threatened to expose him, if he persisted. Am I right, Frazier Griswold?"

The man's face was ghastly, but he clung to his last chance.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said. "Of course, my picture is in the locket. I'll admit that. I used to be very fond of Celia Harper. But does that prove—"

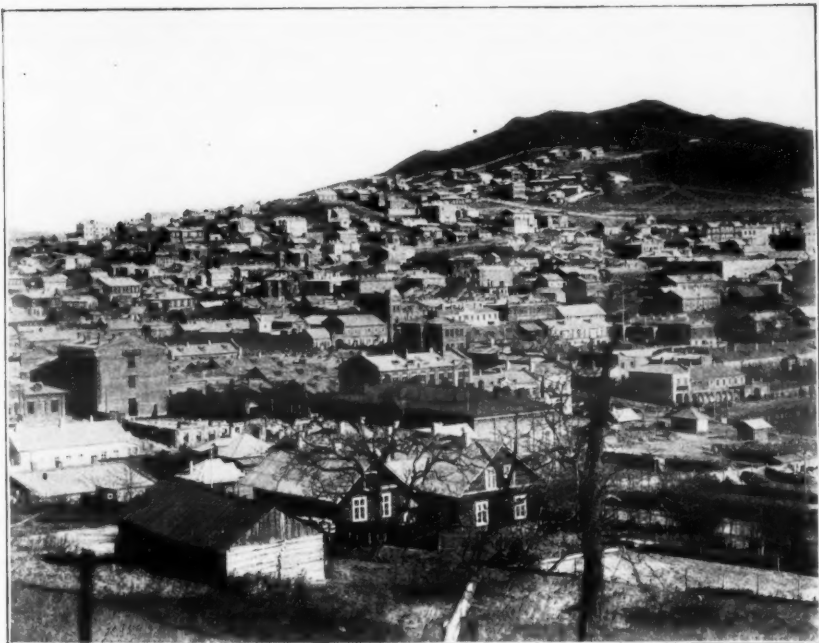
Nick put the locket into his hands. The thing was empty. By all signs Frazier Griswold's picture had been torn out long ago.

The sudden shock was too much for Griswold. He had been doubly tricked—by the accident of the broken catch of the locket, and by the detective's shrewdness in pretending to find a portrait within when, in reality, there was only a sign that it had once been there.

Griswold tried to reply, but the words would not come. He passed into a condition of wild hysteria, and screaming and laughing, was carried into the house, a prisoner.

In his confession which Nick obtained easily enough on the following day, Griswold admitted having stolen Miss Harper's clothing in which to do the deed. In amateur theatricals he had sometimes personated women, and was thus less awkward in feminine attire than the average man would be. His appearance fitted him perfectly for this grim masquerade. His cheeks were as smooth as a girl's, and his hands more womanly than any man's that Nick had ever seen.

He had used one of the abandoned cottages for his changes of attire, and had accomplished the second one speedily enough to reach Miss Bishop's house in time to drive over to the hotel with her. It appeared that Mrs. Gilman knew him not only for a fortune-hunter, but for a thief and swindler, as well. It was he who—being in desperate straits to keep up appearances—had stolen Miss Bishop's diamond. Mrs. Gilman suspected it, and threatened exposure, if he did not immediately leave Monowai. There were millions at stake for him, and he stained his soul with blood for the sake of them. His wretched life will pay the forfeit to the law.



A Section of the Siberian Part of Vladivostok.
One of the proposed terminals of the Siberian railroad.

RUSSIA'S MARCH TO THE EAST

By ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN

TO-DAY the characteristics of the Dark Continent are more familiar to us than those of Siberia; yet we are apt to think that we know what this vast tract is like. The average man will tell you glibly that Siberia is a great waste, a series of frozen steppes, covered with ice and snow during the greater part of the year; that it is inhabited by Mongols except for the Russian penal settlements near the government mines. As to the cities? He will tell you that their population consists principally of soldiers, officials, political exiles, and ticket-of-leave men.

There lurked in my mind a similar preconceived idea when I reached Vladivostok to cross to Europe by way of the Siberian rivers and the completed sections of the Trans-Siberian railroad. Yet I had not traveled a hundred versts from this city into the interior before I recognized an analogy which

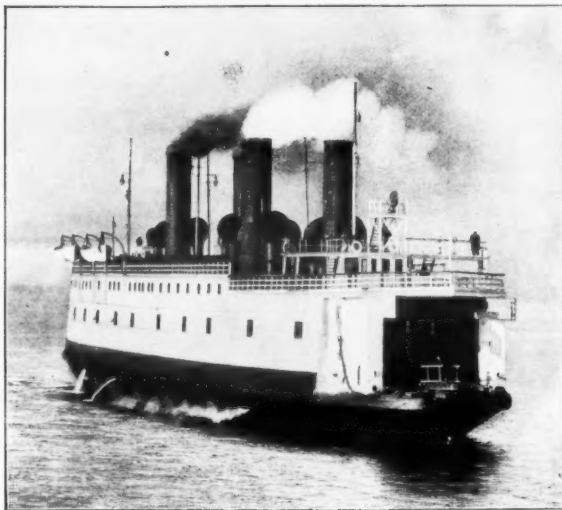
should be of interest to every American, an analogy between Siberia of to-day and America of fifty years ago.

At the time when the great European powers of the day—England, Spain, Portugal and France—were following discovery with conquest and conquest with discovery in a new Western world, our world—the Slavs were doing exactly the same thing in another new world, in the East. Only the Slavs lacked an equally strong incentive, and encountered greater opposition and hardships. Yet, while the exploits of Cortez, Pizarro and De Soto, of Hudson and De la Salle become familiar to us in the nursery, how Russia came into Asia is as much enveloped in mystery as how the Aryans came out of the Hindu Kush.

There is a simple and slightly humiliating reason for our ignorance, it has never seemed to concern us any more than it did

our ancestors. Here in the Western world we reap what has been sown by the early adventurers. We fall heir to them in the direct line of succession. But it has taken

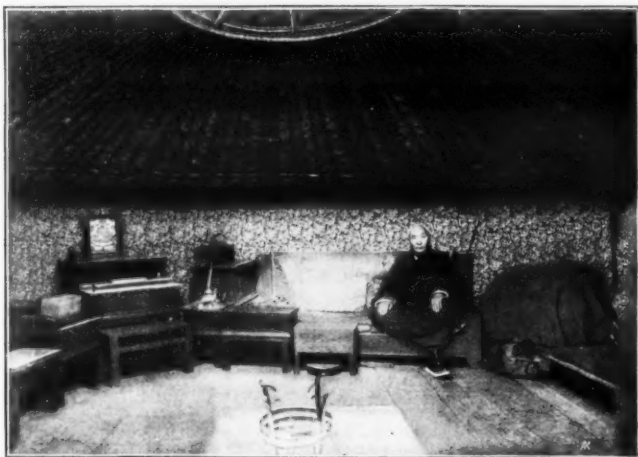
In crossing Siberia I was impressed in proportion as I was ignorant and unprepared. The journey was unexpected, while information is elusive and the book you want scarce, in the East. There was a confused readjustment of old and vague ideas. Then I cast them aside altogether. Looking from the car window between Vladivostok and Khabarovsk, a distance of five hundred miles, we might have been in one of a hundred similar sections in our own country, in so far as physical features are considered. The inhabitants are both Russians and Mongols. Few of the Mongols are more indigenous than the Russians, for, though some of the descendants of the old Golden Tartars still inhabit the region, the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans who live here in large numbers are emigrants of recent date. They came after the Russians. In Europe Russia



The Ice-breaking Steamer on Lake Baikal.
It was built in Scotland and has a capacity of twenty-two cars.

three centuries since Russia began her Eastern march beyond the Urals for us to realize that her progress in any way affects us; that we who are daily entering more into Eastern matters, and learning more about them, are also the heirs of what Russia has been doing in the East. We misjudge her motives, we under-rate her prowess, we underestimate her capacity for improving that which comes under her sway, we are content to accept her diplomacy as inscrutably mysterious—yet Russia goes quietly on.

has for centuries absorbed and assimilated her mixed races till she has produced a type. That type she is now sending to dominate



A Well-to-do Buriat in His Home.

There are about 200,000 Buriats in the vicinity of Lake Baikal. They look much like the Chinese; subsist by fishing; and have a religion of their own.

her possessions in the farthest East, and to continue there the same process.

Miles and miles of this section of the railroad which takes the traveler to the Amur River, are timber lands, miles more are a rolling plain and swamp lands. But the landscape conveys no sense of desolation. There are neat log houses in the midst of clearings, surrounded by cultivation. There are signs of human life every few versts; villages of prosperous aspect are often near the stations or make part of a composite sky line as the train whirls by. Occasionally

eagerly for customers, while the yellow-haired peasants do a thriving trade in milk, eggs and black bread with the third-class passengers. Every man in the government employ, engineers, station and train guards, clerks and officials, wears the black eagle and the Czar's uniform. The foreigner who is accustomed to the simplicity of democratic service is confused when a man with an air of magnificent authority and several yards of gold lace asks for tickets, and quietly punches them, thus dispelling the idea that he is a general of a division. The



Building a Bridge on the Siberian Railway.

a city of good size spreads its low houses over a large tract of level plain. At each station of any importance there is a lively scene. The passing of the passenger train every other day is an event, and the people swarm to meet it. The sturdy Cossack in white blouse and cap appears at every stop along the line. The officers in command of the various garrisons salute their brother officers who are passing through, perhaps on the first stage of their long journey home. The village "pope" hobnobs with the station master, long-skirted droshky drivers search

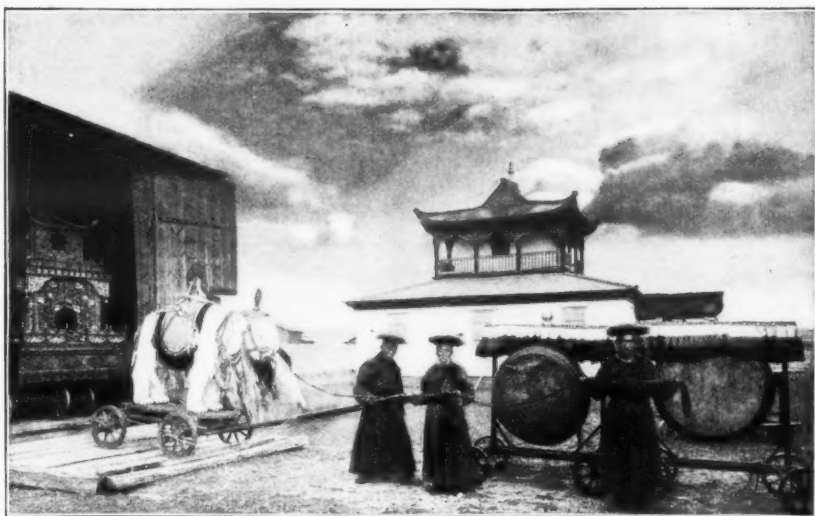
iron hand of the government stretches everywhere, the farthest dominions are firm within its rigid clasp, and the individual is nothing. Yet the hand is paternal and is served with matchless loyalty.

It is this loyalty, this immolation of self for a great government, which has made Russia and Siberia what they are to-day. The exile of engineers, of army officers, and of civil officials in all branches of the service to some small Siberian settlement where each day is a dreary repetition of the one before, is but the continuation of greater

hardships and sacrifices voluntarily undertaken for the government by the early pioneers.

Statistics have their value when given comparatively. In following up the analogy which was always present in my mind in crossing Siberia, the analogy between that

steppes as bleak and as inhospitable as do the Canadians. Yet the mineral deposits and the fur trade attract a certain population. It is extraordinary to read of the early conquests of the Russians in this country, and of their first settlements here, though there were no visions of an El Dorado to draw



Burints About to Perform a Religious Ceremony. The White Elephant is Their God.

country and the United States, it is interesting to compare the area and the population of both. Siberia has 5,000,000 square miles to our 3,500,000, while our population of 70,000,000 overshadows the 5,750,000 of Russia's Asiatic possessions. Of this number sixty-six per cent. are Russians, the rest indigenous. But this average is brought down by the low per cent. of Russians in the extreme North, which, as in Northern Canada, is left almost entirely to the aboriginal Eskimo, and to the hardy fur trader, while in Southern Siberia from sixty to ninety per cent. are Russians. Not four per cent. of all the Russians are convicts or political exiles. The number of convicts varies in the different sections. In the government of Tomsk, in the west, they only amount to one-sixth per cent., which necessarily makes a much higher average in some of the other provinces. These facts are fatal to the theory that the Siberian population is composed mostly of criminals and the sons of criminals.

The Russians find the great northern

men on. None of the country north of the Amur ever belonged to China, though that is the popular idea. It was inhabited by independent tribes, some of which were subject to the Chinese throne in a very round-about way, paying tribute to a Manchu Khan, who, in turn, paid tribute to the *Son of Heaven*. In finally obtaining possession of the region, the Russian government was urged on by its individual representatives there, not by its own avowed policy, as it is to-day. The chief of these was Muravieff, whose name will ever be connected with Siberia as the name of Washington is with our own country. In 1858, in a treaty drawn up at Aigun, where the Russians and Chinese have recently come in conflict, the Chinese relinquished all claim to the left bank of the great river. From that time dates southern Siberia's mushroom growth. Vladivostok is one of the fruits of it; Khabarovsk, at the end of this eastern section of railroad, is another. Each city is less than fifty years old, and each bears a striking resemblance, as do all the Siberian cities, to our centers

of quick growth in the West. Only a large garrison creates a military society, which element of the population differentiates these cities from ours. Absent, too, is the atmosphere of nervous enterprise and business push, the result of what the Yankee terms "hustling." The American city owes its birth and life to the energy of the individual, the Siberian city owes its founding and its continued existence to the government. A site is not selected in accordance with the economics of business, but on account of military exigency. The city's tenure of life does not depend upon a boom, but on the convenience of the government. Private individuals may follow in the path autocratically blazed, and turn whatever is possible to their own advantage, but the city is not there for them, but for the government. In spite of this fact, business thrives, and men are making money, which speaks well for Siberia.

Perhaps the most curious feature of all Siberian cities and villages is the quiet of them. The American finds it depressing. The places seem half dead, yet they are alive and thriving. Our conception of prosperity in new cities is so associated with the clang of the trolley, the smoke of the factory, the weird writhings of the steam siren,

and the bustle of the population, that it is hard for us to realize that prosperity may exist in a place of dead calm.

Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Blagovestchensk and Irkutsk all present the same features. Blagovestchensk, in the heart of Eastern Siberia, on the junction of the Zeya River with the Amur, is, perhaps, the most interesting city. On the central square of the city, where the market is, face two large department stores which for size, beauty of architecture, and variety of stock would do credit to any American city. The bank buildings, the museum, and other business and government houses, are of brick or stone. Good schools have been established so that it is possible for a boy here, as well as in all Siberian cities, to receive a thorough education. In Vladivostok a training school for Eastern diplomats turns out graduates accomplished in Oriental languages to begin their careers as interpreters or secretaries of legations.

The Siberian dwelling house, either in the villages or the cities, has not yet passed the initial stage of an architecture evolved by the twin factors, convenience and utility. They are all of this one type. In the villages they are appropriate and picturesque, while in the cities they seem out of place, but



A Siberian Settlement on the Amur River.

serve to remind us that the population is still pioneer. Heavy logs felled in the nearby forest, planed to a smooth surface on four sides, are laid one upon the other from the foundation, and nicely joined at the corners. A double roof of planks and beams is built

over the completed walls. The seams are caulked with moss, and the square windows are provided with wooden shutters which are almost always closed at night in winter and in summer. Plaster is seldom used. The walls are just the thickness of the logs. Sometimes the door is bound with strips of thick felt to keep out the icy winter draughts.

Finally, a faint impulse towards ornamentation is manifested in a rim of white paint about the window, and a row of tenderly cherished plants along the sill—the only two unnecessary features of a Siberian house. Within, the indispensable institutions are the Russian stove and the great brass samovar. The former is built into the wall like our old brick baking ovens. Placed between two rooms, it keeps both of them warm; it is so simple and effective that I wonder the idea has not been adopted in the sections of our own country which have a similar climate.

I shall never forget the little villages which made the pleasantest break in our monotonous trip up the Amur and the Chilka Rivers after leaving Khabarovsk. Nearly fifty years ago Muravieff established a post road from Irkutsk to the Pacific. He had already developed a system west to Moscow so perfectly that he could receive a reply to a dispatch sent from Irkutsk, within a month.

During the open months of the year it was simple enough to send dispatches quickly down to the coast by steamers, but when the river was closed, it was necessary to have a post road along the shore. Post stations were built at every thirty or forty versts

along this great highway, and a portal was erected at the starting point at Irkutsk bearing the inscription: "Road to the Pacific Ocean." When, therefore, Russia bent herself to the colonization of this vast and fertile stretch of country, the old post stations naturally served as nuclei for the emigrants, and slowly grew into good-sized agri-



A Greek Church in Irkutsk.

cultural settlements, while smaller places sprang up between. The post houses with a black and white pole in front, still stand, and are used when the frozen winter renders necessary overland travel by sledge or tarantass.

There are no "bad lands" in the whole of Southern Siberia, and the rich, arable land extends hundreds of versts farther north. We passed through on the river steamers and the railroad in June and July, and found the climate at that time altogether delightful. The vegetation, the trees and shrubs, were like those of New England. The crops were well along, the people looked prosperous and contented. It is now several years since the Russian government has adopted a system of colonization for Siberia. She makes a careful examination of all candidates for emigration, and those who have the requisite qualifications receive, with their families, free transportation to the new country. Lands are allotted to them

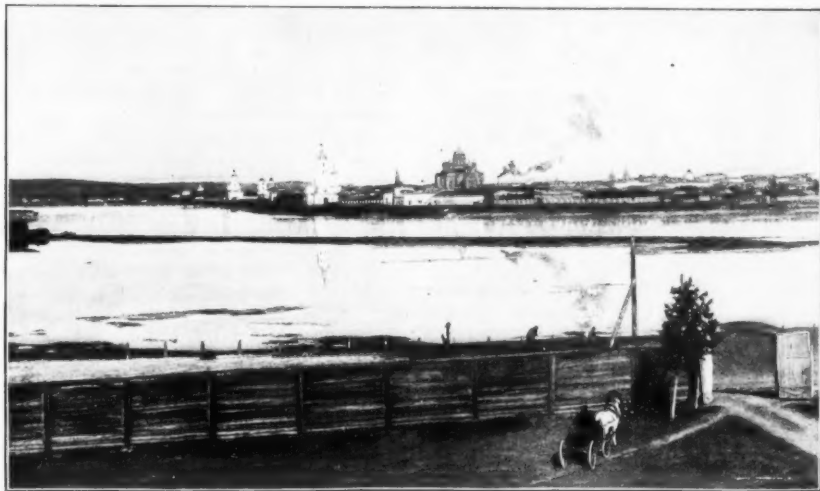
which are exempt from taxes for twenty years, at the end of that time they may be rented or purchased at a moderate sum. They are almost entirely free from the obligation of military service for ten years. Money is lent to emigrants who already have a certain amount—otherwise they are not allowed to emigrate—which need not be repaid for thirty years. Agricultural implements are given them outright. No wonder that some of the cream of Russian peasantry has been induced to emigrate. Whole communities have found in their new home a lot which is better than anything they have ever known in the mother country. I was constantly impressed by the air of prosperity about every Siberian settlement—the neat houses, the well-kept barnyards, the abundantly yielding soil, the absence of squalor. Later when we passed through the heart of European Russia, I was able to compare the appearance of the two sections, and I came to the conclusion that the Russian peasant betters himself in many ways by emigration to Siberia.

Hardly a day passed as we steamed up the great rivers that we did not meet one or more steamers, sometimes towing barges in addition, filled with emigrants. They seemed to me to be the sturdiest people in the world, capable of enduring the strain and the hardships which attend the carving out of a living in a strange land. Among the third-class passengers on our own steamer were several peasant families that had made

moderate fortunes in the new country and were going back to their own homes to set up a business with their capital.

I think that there is a great deal of misconception concerning the Russian peasant. He does not present the listless, down-trodden, hopeless picture which so many people have drawn. Physically he seems almost peerless. I do not refer alone to his health and strength, for the massive blond type is pleasant to look at, and as a whole presents more claim to personal beauty among the men than any other, except, perhaps, the Italian. One element of the more or less latent power of the Russian peasant is his ability to live in the utmost simplicity. His brawn is produced by the consumption of black bread and sour milk. He requires no luxuries. He is simple, and he is stolid, but not dull. In Siberia, at least, he is contented with his lot; he is devoted to his family, and shows a never-failing tenderness for his children. If he lacks in enterprise and in business ability, it must be remembered that he has encountered nothing to develop those qualities. He makes up for this to a certain extent by his thrift and frugality. His greatest curse is drink, which is the besetting sin of the Russians, but if any race can stand such excesses, they can.

I have spoken entirely of the peasant, the moujik, as he is called, yet no description of the growing population of Siberia would be complete without reference to the Cossacks whom we met at every turn. The Cossacks



Irkutsk Seen From the Railroad on the Opposite Side of the Angara River.

are the arms and legs of Russia, while the moujik is the backbone. The Cossacks won Siberia for Russia when they were the daring fringe of her population, grown adventurous and warlike by their frequent conflicts with the Tartars who crowded Russia's borders. In them is concentrated the enterprise and the aggressiveness which the moujik lacks. They cut the path and the moujiks followed, and the descendants of these hardy pioneers live throughout Siberia to-day, forming an hereditary military caste. In every group of people who crowded to welcome our steamer on the shore, shone the white blouse and kepi of the Cossack, while his sons are dressed in a miniature uniform of the same kind. The military governor at Vladivostok is a Cossack, and several Cossack officers traveled for some distance on our steamer. Their regiment was scattered among the different villages along the bank. Since the trouble in the East, it has probably been mustered in and gone to the front. So strict are the laws of heredity amongst the Cossacks, that it is almost impossible for an officer who was not born one, to obtain a command in a Cossack regiment. I saw no greater evidence of Russia's administrative ability than the present results of turning an almost lawless force into a loyal and powerful arm of her service.

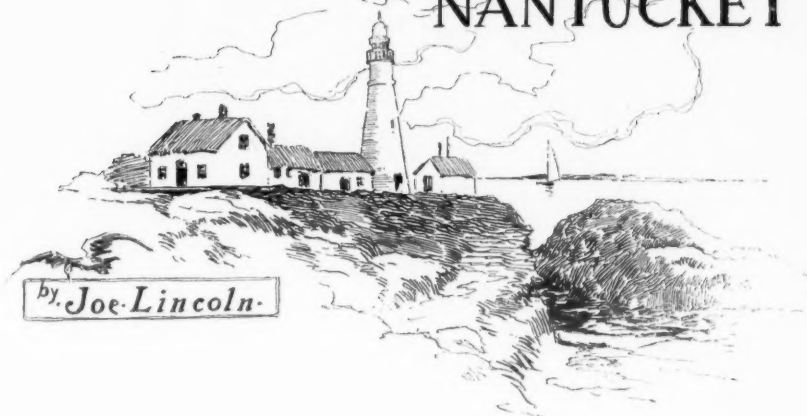
The people themselves form the most picturesque element of the Siberian village. The men wear the Russian cap, and the blouse, most often of red, while the only boot that they know comes to the knee, or above it, in manifold wrinkles. The women, in bright print gowns, are mostly barefooted, except in winter, and wear a gay kerchief over the head. But even before you see the people you are impressed with the dual spires of the small Greek church which rise above each small place, bringing to this distant land the Russian message of Christ and a faint echo of Byzantium. In the group on the bank is the village "pope" in a long cassock, his fair hair falling in silken waves about his shoulders. I found it impossible to withhold my admiration for the thoroughness and the consistency of the Greek church. Though we may object to its exclusive system, we must admit that there is nothing of the dog-in-the-manger attitude about it. Wherever Russia sends her moujik, she sends also her "pope," whose life must often be a dreary exile; the most insignificant Siberian village is not without the same religious privileges that are to be obtained in Russia.

If the little country churches give a character to each pioneer settlement, the large cities of Siberia, like the cities in Russia, are fairly transformed by the magnificent cathedrals and the multitude of ecclesiastical edifices. Above Khabarovsk, as we left it, the sun was glinted to us from the slender spires of the green church which rose above everything else in the city; at Blagovetschensk we counted seven or eight before we landed, while the approach to Irkutsk from the other side of the River Angara was made lovely by the silver domes which rose from every part of the low, brown city. Without these graceful minarets, the place would have been depressing, with them it seemed almost a city of dreams.

We saw almost nothing of the Mongol inhabitants until we reached the last built section of the Siberian road, that which extends from Lake Baikal to Stretensk. In this section near the railroad line, dwell about two hundred thousand Buriats, who in appearance look much like the Chinese. Many of them live in little villages along the shores of Lake Baikal, where they subsist by fishing. They are a well-to-do and an interesting people, having a religion of their own—though some believe in a form of Buddhism—and live apparently in content under Russian rule. The large numbers of Chinese who are doing coolie work or engaged in business in Siberia, seem to live in greater harmony with the Slav than with any other people with whom they have come in contact. From my own observation, I should say that the Russians treat them better than do the people of other countries, allowing them not only tolerance but equality. It is curious to see the commercial invasion made on Siberia by the Chinese. The great bulk of the small stores are in their hands. Perhaps in the mysterious science of social economics this neutralizes for the Chinese the agricultural invasion of their territory by the Russians, who, at least, bring them a better form of government.

In building her great Trans-Siberian road, in slowly absorbing Manchuria, Russia is simply taking two more steps in her march to the East, which was begun centuries ago. Nobody who passes through Siberia can doubt that Russia has a mission in this part of the world, and that she is qualified to fulfill it. That mission is not to absorb the whole of Eastern Asia, but to develop and to bring to a state of fruition a vast area which embraces many climes and is full of latent possibilities.

THE WOMAN FROM NANTUCKET



"NO, I won't match cents to see who does the dishes," exclaimed Cap'n Eri, emphatically. "Blessed if I'd do the dum things ter-night if the Pres'dent of the United States asked me to."

Cap'n Eri was seated on the woodbox beside the stove, and he kicked the hearth to give force to his statement.

"Well, I sha'n't do 'em ag'in 'cause I done 'em last night," declared Cap'n Perez, whose bald head shone in the lamplight as he swung to and fro in the rocker.

"Humph! I s'pose you fellers think I'll do 'em all the time," sputtered Cap'n Jerry. He had been feeding the cat, and now stood at the kitchen door with a saucer in his hand. "If yer do think so you're mistook, that's all. 'Twan't last night you done 'em, Perez; 'twas the night afore. I done 'em last night, and I'm ready ter take my chances ag'in if we match, but I'm jiggered if I let yer shove the whole thing off onter me."

Neither of the others saw fit to answer this declaration of independence, so Cap'n Jerry tilted an arm-chair back against the wall, and gazed rather moodily about the room. The room was decidedly ship-like, but as decidedly not ship-shape. The chronometer on the mantel was obscured by a thick layer of dust. The three gorgeous oil paintings—from the brush of the local sign painter—respectively representing the coasting packet *Hannah M.*, and the fishing schooners *Georgie Baker*, and *Flying Duck*, were shrouded in a fog of dust. The heap of

newspapers, shoved under the couch to get them out of the way, peeped forth in a tell-tale manner. The windows were dirty, and the floor needed sweeping. Cap'n Jerry noted these things and sighed.

"There ain't no use talkin'," he said. "We need a steward aboard this craft."

The "craft," be it understood, was a substantial story-and-a-half Cape Cod dwelling house. Cap'n Jerry had used the word because it was nautical, and the house and its inmates were distinctly nautical.

"Yes," assented Cap'n Eri, "a steward or a woman."

"A woman!" exclaimed Cap'n Perez; "a woman!"

Cap'n Jerry thought of the spick-and-span days of his wife—dead these twenty years—and sighed again. "I s'pose we might hire a housekeeper," he said.

"A housekeeper!" sneered Cap'n Perez; "who'd yer hire? Ain't nobody in Orham yer could git, that I know of, 'less 'twas old A'nt Zuby Higgins, and if she ships aboard here I'll heave up my commission. Besides, when we retired from the sea, that is, when you quit goin' coastin' v'yages and me and Eri give up fishin', the idee was that we should take this house and live ecernomical as possible. A housekeeper 'll cost much as four dollars a week, let alone her keep. Then ag'in, 'twouldn't look proper ter hire a woman ter keep house for us three men, livin' way off down by the shore here."

Cap'n Perez was a stickler for the proprieties.

"I tell yer what 'tis, fellers," said Cap'n Eri, pounding the woodbox, "one of us 'll have ter git married."

"Married!" roared the two in chorus.

"That's what I said. Married, and take the others ter board in this house. Look here; I'm sick of livin' in a pigpen, and I'm tired of swabbin' decks. When a shipwrecked crew's starvin' one of 'em has ter be sacrificed for the benefit of the rest. Now that's what we've got ter do. One of us has got ter be married and sacrificed fer the benefit of the rest."

Cap'n Eri spoke as if the consequence of the sacrifice was much the same in both cases.

"Who's goin' ter do it?" asked Cap'n Perez.

"We'll decide that by matchin' fer it, same's we do 'bout washin' dishes."

"Where yer goin' ter find a wife?" inquired Cap'n Jerry.

"Now, that's jest what I'm goin' ter show yer," answered Cap'n Eri. "I've been thinkin' this over fer quite a spell." He went to his chest in the corner and began overhauling its contents. Under the several layers of rubber boots, fish lines, whales' teeth, etc., he found what he was looking for, which was a much crumpled printed sheet, resembling a newspaper.

"There!" he said, triumphantly spreading it out upon the table. "There she is. *The Nup-tial Chime. A Journal of Matrimony.* I see a piece 'bout it in the *Herald* t'other day, and sent a dime fer a sample copy. It's jest chock full of advertisements from women that wants husbands, but I've been readin' 'em over and they don't seem ter be our kind. Seems ter me the best thing fer us ter do is put in an advertisement ourselves; tell what sort of a woman we want and then set back and wait fer answers. Now, what d'yer say?"

They had a great deal to say, but Cap'n Eri met each objection with a plausible reason, so, at length, his proposition was agreed to. Then, after an hour of arduous endeavor, writing, erasing and rewriting, the following announcement was ready for mailing to the editors of *The Nuptial Chime*.

"Wife Wanted—By an ex-seafaring Man of steady Habbits. Must be willing to work and Keep house shipshape and Aboveboard. No sea-lawyers need apply. Address—Skipper, Orham, Mass."

The paragraph relating to sea-lawyers was a suggestion of Cap'n Eri's. "That 'll shut

out the tonguey kind," he explained. "And now," he added, when the stamp had been affixed to the envelope; "now we've got ter match and see who's the sacrifice."

It was a very solemn occasion. Three big, hairy hands, each covering a penny, were laid palm downward on the table. Cap'n Perez, all but determined, lifted his and disclosed the coin beneath. It was a head. Cap'n Jerry followed suit. His was a tail. Under Cap'n Eri's ample paw lurked the hidden fate. The cap'n's lips closed in a grim line. With a desperate glance at his companions, he jerked his hand away.

The penny lay head uppermost. Cap'n Jerry was "stuck."

"Now, Jerry," said Cap'n Perez, an hour later, "you mustn't feel that way. It's a sorter Providence that it turned out so. Me and Eri's bachelors, and we'd be jest green hands. But you're a able seaman. You've been married afore and you know what it is ter manage a wife."

"Yes, I do," growled Cap'n Jerry, lugubriously; "dum it, that's jest it!"

The advertisement appeared in the next issue of *The Nuptial Chime*, and the answers began to arrive on the following day. It was surprising how many women were anxious to ally themselves with an "ex-seafaring Man of steady Habbits." But most of the applicants were of an unsatisfactory type. As Cap'n Perez expressed it, "We don't want no 'vi-va-ci-ous brunette' ner no 'youthful blonde of a tender and romantic natur.' What we want is a woman ter wash dishes." It was not until a week had passed that a letter was received which promised favorably. This was postmarked Nantucket, and read as follows:

"Mr. Skipper.

"Sir:—I saw your advertisement in the paper and think perhaps you might suit me. Please answer these questions by return mail. What is your religious denomination? Do you drink liquor? Are you a profane man? Also send me your real name and a photograph. If I think you will suit me we may sign articles.

"Yours truly,

"MARTHA B. SNOW.

"Nantucket, Mass."

"What I like about that is the business way she puts it," commented Cap'n Perez. "She don't write that she 'jest adores the vasty ocean.'"

"No, and d'yer notice how handy she takes hold and sorter bosses things?" said Cap'n Eri. "It's us that's got ter suit her, not her us. And see that 'bout signin' articles. You bet she's been brought up in a sea-goin' fam'ly."

"I uster know a Jubal Snow that hailed from Nantucket," suggested Cap'n Jerry; "mebbe she's some er his folks."

"No, no," said Cap'n Perez, "'tain't likely. There's more Snows in Nantucket than yer can count. Yer can't heave a rock without hittin' one of 'em. But I say, Jerry," he went on, "she wants yer picter. Have yer got one ter send her?"

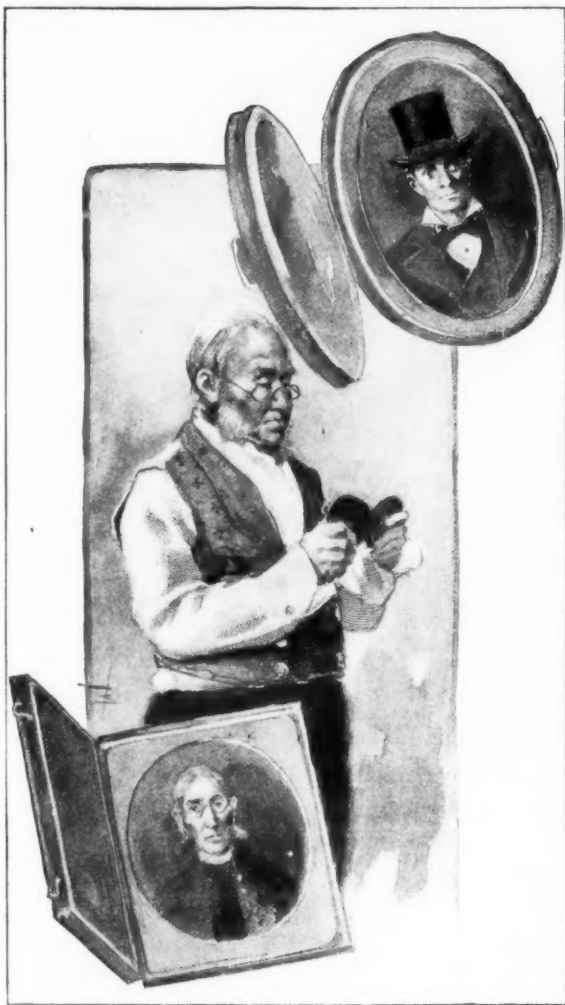
"I've got that daguerreotype I had took when I was married afore," answered Cap'n Jerry. He rummaged it out of his chest and displayed it rather proudly. It showed him as a short, sandy-haired youth, whose sunburned face beamed from the depths of an enormous choker, and whose head was crowned with a tall, flat-brimmed silk hat of the vintage of the 'fifties.

"Good land!" ejaculated Cap'n Perez, "that won't do. It's too old-fashioned. Look at that hat! She'll think yer done yer seafarin' in Noah's ark."

"I'll tell yer, Jerry," suggested Cap'n Eri, the fertile in expedients. "Send her that picter of yer nephew, the minister one. Him that's always promisin' ter visit yer and never does it. He's a nice lookin' feller, and there's everything in makin' a good fust impression. Besides, his name's Burgess, and Jeremiah, same as yourn, and it's writ onter the back of the picter, so if yer send that without sayin' nawthin' she'll think it's you, and yer won't be tellin' no lie, neither."

"But won't she notice the diff'rence when she sees me?" faltered the prospective bridegroom

"Notice the diff'rence! And you on the shady side of sixty! Course she will. But you can explain easy enough. Taffy her up. Tell her you was so gone on her that yer



"But won't she notice the diff'rence when she sees me? faltered the prospective bridegroom."

dasn't take no chances, and so sent a picter of a handsomer man. Gosh! you can talk her over easy enough. A feller married as long as you was oughter be able ter talk *any* woman over."

Cap'n Jerry didn't appear sanguine as to his ability to "talk her over," but he consented to the scheme. So the photograph of the Rev. Jeremiah Burgess, in all the sanctity of white tie and spectacles, traveled to Nantucket, accompanied by Cap'n

an hour late. The ex-seafaring man and his comrades peered anxiously and warily out at it from behind the freight house. After it was too late to find out, it had suddenly occurred to the trio that they knew nothing of the personal appearance, age or worldly

condition of their Nantucket correspondent. As Cap'n Eri said, "We've been so pesty anxious ter give her the latitude and longitude that we've fer-got ter take an observation ourselves."

It is only in the summer, when the city boarders flock to the Cape Cod beaches, that the Orham trains are crowded. On this particular windy October day the passengers were few. The first to alight was a drummer for a Boston wholesale grocery house. Next came a local fish dealer, who had been up to Harniss, the neighboring town, on business. Then followed two more Orhamites returning to their native heath, and, behind them came an apparition that caused Cap'n Jerry to gasp and lean against the freight house for support.

Descending the steps of the last car was a tall, coal-black negress, and in her hand was a large canvas extension case on the side of which was

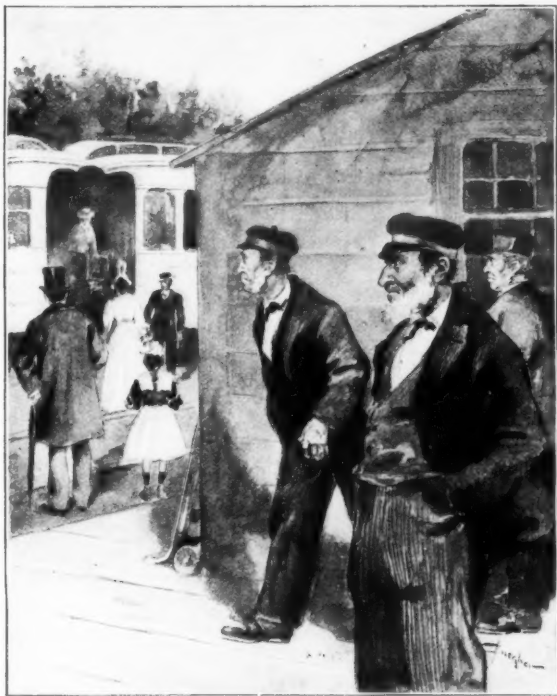
blazoned in two-inch letters the fateful name, "M. B. Snow. Nantucket."

Cap'n Eri's gaze had followed the local fish dealer, but now he turned and saw the astounding spectacle.

"Ger-reat gosh all fish hooks!" he cried, "a nigger! a nigger! Run fer yer lives, fellers! run fer yer lives 'fore she sees us!"

The advice was superfluous. Cap'n Jerry was already half way to the fence, and going at a rate which bade fair to establish a record for the shady side of sixty. Cap'n Perez and Cap'n Eri fell into his wake, and the procession moved across country like a steepchase.

They ran until they were within sight of home, and then Cap'n Perez's breath began



"We've been so pesty anxious ter give her the latitude and longitude that we've fer-got ter take an observation ourselves!"

Jerry's avowed adherence to the Methodist creed and the Good Templars' abstinence. Two days thereafter the three conspirators were electrified by the following curt epistle:

"Captain Jeremiah Burgess.

"Sir:—I like your looks well enough, though I must say you look more like a minister of the Gospel than you do like a sailor. I shall come down to Orham on the noon train Wednesday. Meet me at the depot.

"Yours truly,

"MARTHA B. SNOW.

"P. S.—Have you tried Old Doctor Skinner's Emulsion for your eyes? I judged they were weak by the picture.

"N. B.—If you marry me you'll have to shave off them side-whiskers. They look like fury."

The noon train arrived on Wednesday at the usual time; that is to say, it was half

to fail him. "Heave to!" he gasped; "heave to or I'll founder. I couldn't run another step fer all the darkies in the West Indies."

Cap'n Eri paused, but it was only after a struggle that Cap'n Jerry was persuaded to halt.

"I sha'n't do it, Eri!" he vowed, wildly; "I sha'n't do it! There ain't no use askin' me; I won't marry that nigger! I won't, by thunder!"

"Nobody wants yer to, Jerry," replied Cap'n Eri.

"There ain't no danger now. She didn't see us."

"Ain't no danger! What air you talkin' 'bout, Eri Hedge? She'll ask where I live, and come right down here in the depot wagon. Yes, and there she comes now!" he screamed, pointing behind them.

Sure enough, the stage was turning into the road that led to the beach and to their house.

"Scoot fer Eldredge's fish shanty," commanded Cap'n Eri. "We'll stay there until she gits tired and goes away."

In a few moments the three, staring through the cobwebbed window of the deserted shanty, saw the stage turn into their yard and disappear round the corner of the house on its way to the side door.

Had the range of their vision included the said side door, however, they would have been astonished to see that the passenger who alighted was not the object of their dread, but a tall, thin gentleman in black, with spectacles and sparse, gingery side-whiskers.

"Ain't none of 'em round, I cal'late," said Smalley's boy, who drove the stage. "The door ain't locked, so yer might's well

step in and make yerself ter home. They'll be here purty quick."

The Rev. Jeremiah Burgess prepared to follow this advice, but stopped for a moment at the threshold to look about him. The house fronted toward the ocean, and the great, green waves marched majestically from the horizon, to burst into thundering cataracts that shot the hissing, creaming froth within a stone's throw of his feet. As the big rollers swept toward the beach, the



"See here, ain't that your pictur?"

wind tore the spray, like white ravellings, from their ragged edges and sent it flying through the air.

The blood of many generations of sea-going ancestors awoke and stirred in the Rev. Jeremiah's usually placid veins, and he mentally congratulated himself that a fortunate lapse of two weeks between calls had given him the vacation which he had long promised himself but never felt able to afford. For the Rev. Jeremiah's pastorates were of the kind that bring much hard work and little pecuniary remuneration.

He entered the house, and seating himself

in Cap'n Perez's favorite rocker, fell into a pleasant reverie concerning youthful days and ways. He was just thinking what a happy surprise his unannounced visit would be for his uncle, when he was aroused by a brisk, business-like knock at the door.

He opened the latter and was confronted by a stout, middle-aged woman, gowned in shining black alpaca, and carrying a big canvas valise and a fat umbrella.

"Well, madam," said the reverend gentleman, "what can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" repeated the stranger. "You can ask me in, and git me a chair ter set down on. I'm clean tuckered out. Land er Goshen! sech a time as I've had!"

"Dear me! Why, certainly, madam; come in," stammered the divine, rather taken aback by the abruptness of the newcomer. The latter waited for no second invitation, but, brushing past him, entered the house, and planted herself in the rocker he had just vacated, placing her valise on the floor and her umbrella in her lap.

"Heavens and airth!" she groaned again, "sech a time as I've had!"

"How so, madam?" inquired the sympathetic clergyman.

"How so? Every way. Fust place, I thought the poky old cars never would git here. They're purty nigh as slow as the Nantucket boat, and I've heard that they found that stranded on top er Mount Ararat, where the last cap'n left it after the flood went down. Well, when the cars did fin'ly git here, I'm blessed if a great, big darkey woman didn't have the imperdunce ter walk off with my shut-over bag. I was tyin' my bunnit strings and didn't see her till she'd got out onto the platform, but I managed ter ketch her, and when I did, my sakes! didn't she git a piece er my mind! I don't think the critter meant ter steal it, 'cause she'd left her own old satchel side er me, but mine had my name painted right onto the side of it, and a blind man oughtn't ter have made sech a mistake. Well, that got me all worked up, and while I was givin' her a lecture, would yer b'lieve it, that pesky stage went off, and left me ter foot it all the way down here, and lug my shut-over besides."

"Dear me! that was too bad," said the Rev. Jeremiah.

"Too bad! I sh'd think 'twas! Why wasn't you at the depot ter meet me?"

"I?"

"Sartin; who else?"

"I think there must be some mistake,

madam," said the clergyman, blandly smiling. "I am not the owner of this house. I myself came down on the train to-day and intend making a short visit."

"Some mistake! Come on the train! What air you talkin' about? My eyes ain't weak, if yours be, and I knew you in a minute by yer picter! It's a purty good likeness, though it flatters yer some. Most picters do, I guess, flatter the ones they're took of. Seem's if the photygraph folks done it on purpose so's ter make their customers feel tickled ter find themselves so good-lookin'. By the way, I see you ain't shaved 'em off yet."

"Shaved them off?"

"Yes, them whiskers I wrote about. You will have to, if you and me's goin' ter sail tergether. I never could bear side whiskers, and them of yours are awful onbecomin'." They make yer look like the old Scratch."

"Madam!" exclaimed the bewildered and offended clergyman. His tenderly nurtured whiskers were his heart's pride.

"Oh, don't git mad. I allers say what I think right out, and that's a good sight better'n sayin' it behind yer back. Jubal, that was my other husband's name, he used ter say, 'There's one thing 'bout Marthy, she allers let's yer know jest where she stands.'"

"But, madam," expostulated the minister, "I repeat, there is a mistake. You take me fer some one else."

"I take yer fer some one else, do I?" She hurriedly unstrapped the extension case. "See here," she went on, "ain't your name Jeremiah Burgess?"

"Why, yes, but——"

"I thought 'twas. See here, ain't that your picter?" She extended a photograph at arm's length.

"It most certainly is! But I am at a loss to understand—— Madam, who *are* you?"

"There, there!" she exclaimed, laughing. "What a gooney I be. I was so flustered 'bout that darkey woman that I fergot ter say who I was er anything 'bout it. I should think yer'd er guessed by this time, but I sp'ose yer wanted me ter say it 'fore yer'd commit yerself. I'm Marthy B. Snow, of Nantucket. Now yer know."

"Martha B. Sn——"

"Yus; yer see, when Jubal died fifteen year ago, he left me a leetle mite er property. 'Tain't much, but it needs a man ter look after it proper. Everybody tries ter take advantage of a woman, though they don't git much ahead er me, I tell yer that. However, when I see that advertisement in

that sample copy of the nuptial paper, thinks I, 'That sounds square. I'll answer it.' So I done it; and when yer sent me yer picter, says I, 'Mebbe he ain't a brilliant man,' says I, 'a feller that would set the river afire—that is he don't look as if he was—but I'll bet a cookey that he's good and he's honest.' So I decided ter come down here and talk things over with yer, and here I be. Now if yer want ter marry me, as yer wrote, let 's hear yer references and what yer reasons are."

"I want to marry you! Why—why, you're crazy! I never wrote you in my life." Clearly the woman was a lunatic. She had stolen his photograph and imagined herself in love with him. Similar experiences had befallen public men before. The Rev. Jeremiah began to edge toward the door.

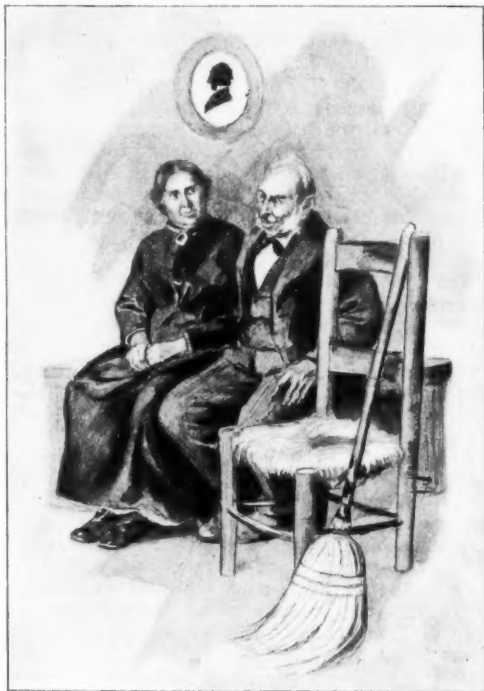
"What!" exclaimed the relict of the late Jubal Snow. "Never wrote me? Oh—yes—yes! I see. You expected ter see a better lookin' woman. Some poor innocent gal, likely, too young ter look after herself. And now yer dissap'inted. Well, why didn't yer out and say so instead of lyin' about it? I ain't so hard up fer a man, thank goodness, that I want ter force anybody ter have me, and after the exhibition you've give of yer character, I wouldn't marry yer fer no money. But what I want ter know is, who's goin' ter pay my fare down here and back, let alone payin' me fer my loss of time and my trouble? I sha'n't stir a step until I'm paid my fare. Not one step, if——"

But the door banged just then; the Rev. Jeremiah had fled. As he shot through the gate, these words, screamed in a shrill, determined voice, rang in his ears:

"Yer can't git out of it that way. Not one step without my fare, if I have ter stay here till doomsday."

The plan of the frightened clergyman was to get help as quickly as possible, seize the lunatic and have her returned to the asylum from which she had undoubtedly escaped. In pursuance of this plan he rushed madly up the road toward the town, but as he passed the old fishing shanty he was surprised to hear his name called in a cautious

tone, and to see a big red hand frantically beckoning to him from the door of the building. Obeying its summons, he was still more surprised to find that the hand belonged to his uncle, who dragged him within and closed the door behind him. Then from the shadows emerged Cap'n's Eri and Perez,



"And close beside each other on the woodbox, . . . sat Cap'n Jerry and Mrs. Martha B. Snow, of Nantucket."

who greeted him warmly but in a somewhat embarrassed manner.

"I'm turrible glad ter see yer, Jeremiah," said Cap'n Jerry. "But how on airth did yer git down here?"

"Why, I came on the noon train, and rode down from the station in the stage," his nephew answered.

"Did—did anybody else come when you did?" faltered the old man.

"No, no one. I was in the forward car, and there were but few people in it, and they, as well as the passengers in the stage, were strangers to me."

"I meant did—did anybody else come ter our house in the depot wagon?"

"No." A wave of relief swept over the faces of the trio. "But, oh! I forgot," exclaimed the reverend gentleman. "We must not delay a moment. There is an insane woman in your house, who in some inexplicable way has obtained a photograph of myself, and says—you never can guess what—that——"

"That you've got ter marry her?" groaned Cap'n Jerry.

"Why, yes; that very thing. How on earth did you know?"

"Why—yer see—I dunno what yer'll say ter us, but we meant fer the best—yer see—— Oh, Eri, you tell him!"

So, in faltering accents, Cap'n Eri told the tale. At first Jeremiah Junior was inclined to be wroth at the unauthorized use made of his likeness, but the contrite woe which shaded his uncle's face softened his heart, and he forgave.

"But I can't understand," he said, when the narrative was ended, "why, if you wanted a wife, you didn't, at least, see the woman."

"But we did see her," wailed Cap'n Jerry, "and that's jest it. I try not ter be prejudiced, I know she's jest as good as I be. I was a Free Soiler, 'fore the war, and all that, but seems 's if I couldn't marry her. Seems like goin' ag'in natur', somehow. If she'd been lighter—even merlasses color—'twouldn't be so bad, but black! great gumbo! she's as black as that stove," and Cap'n Jerry pointed to the ancient range, which was rusted to a brilliant red.

"Black! Why, no, she isn't. She's as white as I am, and not bad-looking for a woman of her age."

After the council was ended it was decided that Cap'n Jerry—the usual scapegoat—should act as a committee of one to go to the house, inform the lady from Nantucket of the real state of the case, pay her fare and such other expenses as she might deem proper, and send her away. The idea of marrying her was not considered for a mo-

ment. Cap'n Jerry said the thoughts of that darkey had "sorter soured him on marryin' ferever."

The two cap'ns and the Rev. Jeremiah watched their comrade climb the hill, pass round the house, and disappear. Then they waited. An hour passed and they were still waiting. At length a vague uneasiness, based on the idea that the woman might, after all, have been insane, and have inflicted some injury on their friend, caused them to creep up and peep in at the dining-room window.

The room was transformed. The carpet was swept, the newspapers were cleared away, Cap'n Eri's boots no longer graced the mantel, the table was set with dishes that shone with cleanliness. And, close beside each other on the woodbox, gazing upon all this splendor and chatting amiably, if not tenderly, sat Cap'n Jerry and Mrs. Martha B. Snow, of Nantucket.

She spied them at the window and called to them to come in.

"We thought 'twas 'bout time fer yer ter come," she observed. "Jeremiah 's explained how 'twas, and I don't blame yer none fer runnin' away when yer see that darkey woman. I guess I'd er run myself. I hope you won't pay no attention ter them things I said ter you when I thought yer'd played me a mean trick," she added, turning to the reverend gentleman. "I was jest sayin' ter Jeremiah—him and me's concluded ter sign articles——"

"She is Jubal Snow's widdier, Eri," broke in Cap'n Jerry, triumphantly.

"I was jest sayin' ter Jeremiah," went on Mrs. Snow, "that 'twas a sorter Providence that you're here—you bein' a minister. I shouldn't feel that 'twas 'proper fer me ter stay here another minute unless I was married, and so—and if ever a house needed a woman ter take hold of it it's this one—p'raps you might's well go right ahead and perform the ceremony."



"That's Miss Whipple, the new soubrette."

THE ROMANCE OF AN ADVANCE MAN

By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

THEY called him Seven-days-ahead Finn. All advance men travel seven days ahead of the show, but the nickname seemed to have a particular fitness for Finn. He was lively and quick, and he was a type of theatrical man that is passing away, the man who was born, brought up and has lived in and for the theatre, regarding the public as fools and good English as a sin.

"It used to be that when we wanted a good notice in the papers," he told me once, "we would call on the dramatic editor and give him a couple of cigars. You can't do that now," and then he would sigh.

Whether it was force of habit or not I don't know, but his expense bills always contained an item for "treating the press," despite the fact that he said you couldn't do it now.

Odd as his personality was Finn's appearance. He had little, round, very bright eyes, and a large, irregular peaked nose which was red and blue and green, and, sometimes, other colors. He wore tight clothes when loose ones were the fashion, and *vice versa*. And his derby hats were generally on a par with those used in "refined" vaudeville acts, which are, of course, about six seasons behind the times.

He was always getting in trouble about his passes, too. He was very popular among a certain class of men who would buy him drinks galore, because they hoped to get either a free seat or an introduction to some of the women of the company. "They stand up and buy me wine all day," Finn used to say, "to get three dollars' worth of tickets."

This freedom in the issuing of passes often

got the worthy advance agent into trouble with the general manager, Daniels (whose traveling representative I happened to be). Finn was behind the times in a number of things, notably in his press notices, but he held his job no matter what he did or how he did, because of his great shrewdness.

He further made his position sure by getting the reporters of unimportant papers in small towns to interview him on the "great theatrical managers" of the country, in which interviews he would always say that the most honest was his own chief. Carefully marked copies of such papers always found their way to Daniels.

Before closing the season in Chicago, we had a couple of weeks of one-night stands that occasioned some weird traveling. In the desire to make certain towns where the star was strong, Daniels had booked us in such a way that we had to come back over the same road. I had not seen Finn for several months, and this doubling on our tracks would enable us to catch him as he went back West and we came East.

Before leaving Denver a change had been made in the cast. The elderly lady who had been playing the soubrette part was taken sick and her place was filled by a young girl whom Daniels had sent on from New York.

Ethel Whipple was her name, and somebody said she was the oddest soubrette yet. She was but a mite of a girl, with large, serious eyes, and a splendid profile that, against the light, fascinated you by its spiritual quality. Against the light, I say, for the skin was drawn, and looking her full in the face, there was a certain peakedness and an unhealthy pallor, to be expected when you think of the cheap hotels she stopped at and the food she had to eat. She hadn't much humor—off the stage she listened to even the most flippant remarks as though to a chapter of Genesis. When she talked it was of life, its purposes, its aims, the elevation of our calling, etc. She was a great believer in Christian Science, and, as Stearns said, considering the hotels she stopped at—"she needed it."

She liked good hotels, though, just as much as any of us, but she was a heroine from her boots up to her little queer-shaped, out-of-fashion hat. She got only twenty-five a week, and she sent fifteen home to her mother, so that the dollar-a-day hotel was all she could afford. She was clever, too, and everybody said that when her opportunity came she would prove herself. She did a *pas seul* in the first act, a song in the

second, and came on with a tray in the third.

In a way, her seriousness was amusing, but she had many original ideas, and was interesting to talk with when the flippancy of the rest of the troupe palled on one. I wondered if she had read much and asked her. She said she had not. She made a statement one day that struck me very forcibly, and I said:

"I have a book in my trunk in which that theory is worked out." I mentioned the book, but she had never heard of it.

"I'll lend it to you," I said, and several days later I got and gave the book to her. It was Lester Ward's "Psychic Factors of Civilization." I carried it just as one would carry medicine—to take some of it when the mental system needed building up. Stearns said he wondered I didn't have to pay excess baggage on account of my light literature. The Spiritualist looked at the title. It puzzled her. I explained what it meant, and then pointed out the several chapters in which her theory was worked out. She read them over and gave me back the book with a blank expression.

"I don't understand it," she said, simply. I was surprised.

"Why, it is only an elaboration of what you were saying the other day," I said.

When we got to Wichita, Finn met us at the depot. The usual crowd that gathers to see a train come in at a Western depot was lined up about four feet from the track; but Finn was only a foot away, like a marshal at the head of his troops. He had calculated the exact spot where our sleeper would stop, and when it did stop about four feet further up the platform he looked angrily down toward the engine as though he would like to give the engineer a "talking to." The company began to alight, and then he became very busy, and soon he was rushing up to the star, respectfully referred to as "the Gov'nor," carried his grip, got him into a carriage, registered him at the hotel, etc. A busier man than Finn when anybody was watching him you never saw.

That night he was occupied with his Chicago press notices so that he did not see the show or the new member of the company.

When he came down to the depot the next morning to accompany us to the next stand, he immediately went up to the Gov'nor and hoped he was well, had slept soundly, was not troubled with the pain on the left side of his right ankle that had troubled him yesterday, promised good business at the next

stand, and then respectfully withdrew to "jolly" the leading lady. After that came a few minutes with the leading juvenile, a pleasant good-morning to the first old man, and then—

He spotted the Spiritualist.

His little round eyes brightened, his mouth puckered, his figure seemed to take on several inches as he straightened up, and the next step he took his toes were turned out like a dancing master's. He didn't take his eyes off her for a second, and his whole personality seemed to say:

"That's mine."

I used to wonder afterwards what it was that caught Finn's attention so quickly. She wasn't pretty, then, and the spiritual quality of her face was of the kind to attract a type of man different from Finn. Stearns suggested that it was her hat—that little flat, out-of-date affair, which struck a responsive chord in Finn's soul.

He came up to me, toes turned out and shoulders back, and said good-morning, still keeping his eyes on the Spiritualist. His movement toward me had brought him several feet nearer her, and he lowered his voice as he said:

"That's Miss

Whipple, the new soubrette, isn't it?"

"It is."

"She's all right, isn't she?" he said, eagerly.

As "all right" might have any one of a number of meanings, I made a dignified answer as became the protector of the family.

"She's a very nice and well-behaved little girl."

"Oh, see here!" he said, evidently much hurt by a tone which showed some doubt as to his intentions, "you're always thinking that I'm not on the square. She looks to me like a little lady—introduce me."

Finn was right about my opinion of his moral character, but that was neither here nor there where an introduction was concerned.

"Miss Whipple, Mr. Finn, our advance man, as you doubtless know."

The Spiritualist looked at him with her big, serious eyes, held out her hand cordially and then smiled—such a smile; no humor in it; no mischievous, coquettish affair. No, just a pure, human, sincere smile which made you feel that you were really giving this simple soul the greatest pleasure in the world.

That settled Finn.

It took him about ten minutes to find her out. He spent that interval in telling her the funniest things in his repertory. She only gazed at him with all the interest that a human being could possibly show, but with not a symptom of appreciation. When he reached the point of a story, gave a little chuckle and paused in expectancy, she would, as though taking up her cue, laugh lightly, merrily,

showing beautifully regular white teeth, her face lighting up with evident enjoyment, probably at the thought she was pleasing some one who wanted to please her.

When they got on the car Finn had learned something, for he was listening, and the Spiritualist was telling him her original theories of the soul, and how matter would eventually be entirely subjugated by mind.



"They sat together and talked for five hours from Wichita to Topeka."

Finn and I had some minutes of business together, and when we had finished I said:

"See here, Finn, you know the Spiritualist?"

"Yes," he said, defiantly, "I know the Spiritualist."

"Well, she's a pretty nice little girl, as I said before—and I like her."

"So do I," very defiantly.

"Well, there ought not to be any nonsense."

"There ain't going to be any nonsense and"—very angrily—"I don't see what right you have to talk to me this way."

"I haven't any, I know. Still, I thought I would speak to you."

"Well, there was no need of it."

"You know you've never been particular before—"

"Oh, give me a rest."

And as I was only acting manager, that settled it as far as I was concerned.

They sat together and talked—or rather she talked—for five hours from Wichita to Topeka. I don't suppose Finn had ever sat still that long before, or had ever engaged in a conversation in which he played so little part. But he was a most ardent listener, and when Stearns or one of the other men of the company made faces at him while the Spiritualist was not looking, mimicking and ridiculing his devotion, he looked the other way and ignored them completely. Several times he tried to hold her hand. She withdrew it gently, yet firmly, and went on with "the elevation of our calling," as though nothing had happened. Most remarkable of all, Finn seemed really interested.

He was to leave Topeka an hour after we got there to go on to Iowa and Illinois, where we had a week more of one-night stands. He would be busy that hour, so their parting had to take place on the train. It began about an hour before we reached our destination.

"We'll be in in an hour," he said, looking at his watch, and then adding ruefully, "I wish I didn't have to go on ahead." And he looked very sorrowful, opening his little round eyes as much as possible to convey his sentiment.

She met his glance frankly, saying:

"It would be jolly if you were back with the show, wouldn't it?"

He didn't quite know what she meant by "jolly," so he took her hand to press it, but she drew it away from him in the same simple fashion, and then he knew that she didn't mean that way.

"Yes," he sighed, when this bit of "business" was over; "yes, I shall be so lonely now with no one to talk to."

"You must let me engage your room at the hotel for you," he went on, hopefully. This was part of his duty for the Gov'nor and the leading people, because the large and expensive hotels were sometimes crowded. The "smaller people," like the Spiritualist, hunted up their own cheap hotels on arriving in a town.

"That's very good of you, but I don't like to give you so much bother."

"It's no bother—it will be a great pleasure, I assure you. How have the hotels been so far?"

"They've not been good," and then she went on to give him an account of her experiences.

He expressed appropriate horror when she told him that she got only twenty-five a week and was obliged to furnish her own costumes and sleepers. He listened sympathetically while she told him of her mother and two younger sisters in New York, dependent on her for a living, and how hard it was for her to get along on the small part of her salary she kept for herself.

"You see, a dollar a day out of ten a week only leaves three for sleepers and incidentals and clothes. I do dress badly, I suppose," she added, sweetly.

"You don't," Finn protested, vigorously; "you dress all right."

"They make fun of my hat," she went on, encouraged, "they say it's terribly old-fashioned. Do you think so?" The big eyes were looking at him in a tender appeal.

"Old-fashioned?" Moved by the appeal, he almost yelled his denial. "Old-fashioned! Who says so? Don't you believe it. Why, I saw ladies going into the opera at New Orleans with hats on just like that." It was a terrible lie, not a discreet one, either, but his enthusiasm had carried him away. She looked at him and laughed; she appreciated his ardor, though his invention had not deceived her. He laughed, too, at his own blunder, and then he tried to take her hand with the usual result.

"I found two hotels in Montana," she said, resuming the original subject of conversation, "where they charged me only seventy-five a day. That made me seem very rich that week," and the reminiscence evidently was pleasant, for she looked up at him and smiled—and Finn, he smiled, too. His was a strange smile for him, it was so boyish and innocent, and at such odds with

his blue-red nose, his little round, sensual eyes, and his general appearance of a hardened theatrical man.

"I'll try and see if I can find any good seventy-five cent hotels," he said, hopefully.

Then came Topeka, and I dragged Finn away to talk over the press matter for the next week.

Finn was a great letter-writer, and in every town that we reached there would be half page letters for the Gov'nor, the leading lady, the leading juvenile and myself announcing that he had engaged a room for each of us at the Hotel So and So, rate so much, etc. He always managed to write this half page when he could have said all that was necessary in two lines. During the following week Miss Whipple also received one of these daily effusions, but hers was more than a half page, and on two

occasions it was rather bulky. Not only did he tell her of hotels where he had secured accommodations for her, but he would give a description of the town, tell her how to find the hotel on arriving and how to get from the hotel to the theatre. I suppose he told her also of other things.

I was favored with several extra communications *in re* Whipple. The first asked if I could not, as a favor to Finn, give Miss Whipple her trunk on such occasions as she found most convenient to have it, instead of holding her to the regulation Wednesdays and Saturdays, the days when the members of the company had their hotel trunks turned over to them. The other suggested that as Miss Whipple was doing "extraordinary good work" (of which he had seen nothing), didn't I think it would be a good idea to have her name put on the eight sheets (the large posters). To the first I replied that I should be always glad to oblige Miss Whipple or any other member of the company when it

was possible, and to the second that she was not of sufficient prominence in the company to justify advertising her in the way suggested.

The very first letter from Finn sent the Spiritualist to one of the best hotels in St.

Joseph. I did not know of this until it occurred again in the next stand, but there was no evading it after that for she stopped at the same hotels with the leading members of the company.

The first time she came into the dining room of the hotel where we were stopping she wanted to go off to a table in a corner, but the Gov'nor stopped her.

"Come here, 'Little Bright Eyes,'" (her name in the play,) he said, and he chatted with her all through the meal, making her feel very comfortable, despite the fact that only "big

people" were at the table, and that her neat black dress looked very poor alongside of the leading lady's blue and white one. She left the table with color in her cheeks; she had enjoyed herself; she was among people who interested her—and the food was good. At the hotels she had been stopping at she was practically alone, for her associates were not congenial to her, and if they had been she wasn't congenial to them, because she wasn't— Well, she wasn't like other soubrettes.

It was nobody's business at what hotel the Spiritualist stopped so everybody took it very much to heart and wondered this and wondered that, and hinted things they didn't like to say outright. She knew that the change in her mode of living was attracting a great deal of attention, but she paid no attention to it.

"What hotel are you going to?" I asked her thoughtlessly as we neared K—, Friday noon.



... and on two occasions her letter was rather bulky."

"The Salor," she said, looking me full in the face, a trifle defiantly.

I said nothing, but I suppose I looked somewhat surprised.

"I'll tell you," and she lowered her voice to a whisper, "but it is a secret, and I am not supposed to tell any one. But you, of course, and Mr. Finn— Well, it's this way. I told Mr. Finn about the bad hotels, and he said he would try and get



"Oh," she exclaimed, and she ran over and caught me by the arm."

me a special rate at the best ones—and he did."

"A special rate? Why, even at the Salor it couldn't be less than two-fifty—the regular rate is four dollars."

"He does it, though," she said, very proudly, and I knew then it must be so.

Saturday morning we reached A—, from which town we were to go to Chicago to play a two weeks' engagement. There Finn would be waiting for us, as his work was over for the season. One of the first questions I wanted to ask him was how he could get a dollar rate at a four dollar hotel.

The Spiritualist stopped at the best hotel again, and I noticed what had occurred once before that week, that after she had registered and the clerk had turned round the book and saw her name, he grinned.

"I get a special rate," she said, timidly, "don't I?" It was the first time I had heard her negotiate, so I did not walk away.

"Oh, yes," and he grinned again.

"Seventy-five cents a day, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," and he winked at me and then called a boy to show her to her room. She noticed the wink and his insolent grin, and her cheeks flushed.

"Seventy-five cents a day at a three dollar hotel!" I gasped. But the clerk's insulting manner aroused me.

"What the devil do you mean by that insulting leer?" I exclaimed, angrily.

"Who's an insulting leer?" he retorted, hotly, getting somewhat mixed in his excitement.

"If some one would give one of you hotel clerks a good thrashing you'd learn to behave yourselves," I went on.

"Don't, please don't," said the Spiritualist, putting her hand on my arm gently; "it was nothing—I don't mind it."

"I'm behaving myself like a gentleman," was the clerk's next reply.

"Winking and grinning," I started.

"Well, if a man comes in and pays a woman's bill in advance you'd think it mighty funny, wouldn't you?"

"You mean some one has paid Miss Whipple's bill in advance?"

"That's what I said," he answered, leering triumphantly.

"Who—who has done this?" I knew too well the answer, and was beginning to lose heart in the "bluff."

"Your advance agent, Mr. Finn."

An idea came to me, and I stepped into the fray with renewed vigor.

"How much did Mr. Finn give you?"

"He gave me," replied the unsuspecting clerk, "what would be the difference in one day's rate, two-twenty-five."

"Give me back that two dollars and twenty-five cents. Miss Whipple will not stop here, nor shall I or any member of the company with whom I have any influence."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," he said, and then we had some more argument, and he turned over the two-twenty-five. I took my grip away from the boy who was waiting to show me to my room and, turning to Miss Whipple, said:

"Come."

She was very pale. The little color that a week of good food had brought to her cheeks

was gone. Her head hung listlessly, and she followed me out as though all intelligence and purpose had left her.

We walked up the street together, my grip in one hand and the two-twenty-five in the other. We had gone several blocks before a word was said, and then she spoke.

"I know of a little hotel over here," The voice was very calm, very sweet and gentle; there was no reproach in it. "I think I'll go there."

Well as I knew her I marveled at her self-possession and gentleness, but I knew that

"All right," and I saw to it that she was registered at a good hotel.

Poor little Spiritualist! She did her part very badly that night.

I wired Finn not to meet us at the depot in Chicago, but he was there just the same, all smiles, some sort of big white flower in his buttonhole, a new silk hat—in many ways quite like a bridegroom. He had the hat in his hand—it was new, perhaps he did not dare trust it on his head, and bowing and smiling and ducking his queer, premar-



"Seventy-five a week, leading business and sleepers," she said very quietly.

the tears were only being held back to flow the more freely when she was alone.

"No," I said, "not yet—we get to Chicago to-morrow, and then you may do as you like, but this money was left behind for your comfort, and it's going to be used."

"I protest," she said, very firmly, her face whiter than ever.

"It's no use," I laughed, and then seriously: "I wouldn't advise you to do what I didn't think was best for you—would I? Now do as I say; you can fix it up in Chicago."

"I shall pay him back every cent," almost fiercely.

turely bald head he rushed up to the Spiritualist.

She smiled rather sadly, let him stroke her hand a number of times, and even held it, but it was several minutes before he noticed that her manner was strange. By this time I had gotten up to him and pulled him away on a pretext of business.

When we got up to the hotel I said:

"Well, you did it."

"Did what?"

"The Spiritualist, that hotel scheme of yours—you're a fine butcher."

"Great heavens—how did you find that out?" he exclaimed.

"One of the clerks."

"Why, every one of them swore they wouldn't say a word—gave 'em all seats and bought 'em drinks."

"Well, one of your friends shot it off right before the Spiritualist—tears and that sort of thing, and she left the hotel."

"When? Where?" He yelled and then he swore a blue streak. "Why didn't you kill him?" he finally gasped.

"I would have, but the house was sold out," I replied.

Of course he rushed off at once to find the Spiritualist. She had not gone to the hotel he had recommended, and he had rather a hard time. Toward night he found her in a miserable little furnished room up on the North Side.

As is the custom, we opened in Chicago that Sunday night. Finn should have been around in front at seven-thirty in his best togs to give what he called the joyous hand to the critics, but he did not put in an appearance. At eight-thirty I went back for the first time and found him in the wings watching the Spiritualist. His face was beaming.

"She gives a great performance, doesn't she?" he said, meaning the *pas seul*. I couldn't help but laugh.

Just then she came off.

"Oh," she exclaimed, and she ran over and caught me by the arm. "Can I see you a moment? Teddy and I—"

"Teddy?" I said. She blushed.

"Yes, Teddy and I want to know," and she paused and blushed again—no make-up could conceal that blush. "Teddy and I want you to stand up with us."

"Stand up?" I muttered; "I'm afraid I'm thick."

"Why, we're going to—why, you know," and she laughed happily.

"You're going to be married?"

She nodded vigorously.

"And I'm to be best man?"

More energetic nods.

"Hooray!" I shouted, and if there hadn't been a spring loose in my crush hat I'd have thrown it up in the air.

"I avail myself of the best man's privilege now," I said, and I grabbed her and kissed her.

"Here, here, no such friendly doing——" Finn had reached us just as I took the "privilege."

"Because of your presumptuous tone," I said, "I shall repeat the offense." But the Spiritualist—Mrs. Finn to be—had slipped away and rushed off to her dressing-room to make ready for the second act.

I met the Spiritualist the other day on Broadway. She looked quite spruce and her little flat hat had given way to a gorgeous architectural affair. There was a nice, rosy color in her cheeks, and she looked as healthy as a country girl, but not a wit less serious.

"How's Teddy?" I said, after we'd shaken hands.

"He goes ahead for Andy Rohan—the great Irish comedian."

"Indeed," I said, "and you?"

"I go, too."

"Good?" I asked.

"Seventy-five a week, leading business and sleepers," she said very quietly as though it were not an extraordinary announcement.

"And sleepers?" I repeated, amazed.

"And sleepers," and the large eyes showed a gleam of content.

And you know "sleepers" is quite an item when you're doing many one-night stands.

THE SONG-SPARROW IN NOVEMBER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Alone, forlorn, blown down November hills,
Floats sweetly-solemn, fond and low,
One mournful-noted song that fills
The dusky twilight, sad with snow.

O shower of tears, as music known to us,
O songs that fall as Autumn rain,
Is all earth's music born of sorrow thus,
And beauty, half regret and pain?



Elbridge T. Gerry.

MR. GERRY AND HIS SOCIETY

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS

A FEW months ago a young Jewess of the lower East Side had a loafer arrested for running after her and calling her a vile name. When the offender had been brought before the district justice, the court asked the girl to repeat the epithet that had been applied to her.

"He called me 'Gerry Society,' judge," said the girl.

The court-room roared with laughter, and the judge imposed a fine for disorderly conduct on the defendant.

Such is the significance that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has for some people in New York's Ghetto. The agents and sleuths of the society are a menace even more terrible than the police. For the police are a political body, and the rumor is universal that they are not always deaf to the supreme argument in politics. But the Gerry Society, as Ambassador Choate long ago jocosely nicknamed it, is a private enterprise, sponsored by the state and controlled by a master-mind on the twin base of justice and humanity.

Not alone in the slums is the odor of the Gerry Society repellent. Gerry's agents have

always been a thorn in the side of stage managers or concert directors who have infant prodigies to exploit. The sentiments of this class were crystallized once by De Wolf Hopper in a topical verse about the Society for the Prevention of *Kindness* to Children. Even honorable mothers and fathers among theatre-goers have thought it a shame that Gerry should interfere when the song or dance of a five-year-old, that lasts about fifteen minutes, brings salary sufficient to support the parents of the little wonder. The newspapers have wasted small sympathy on Gerry because his methods have sometimes seemed drastic and his tone to the interviewer is brusque. Nevertheless, a case is known in which Mr. Gerry out of his private purse supported an infant dancer and her mother until the child had attained the legal age to appear on the stage.

Regardless of the enemies he has made, and stimulated by the support the government has allowed to his enterprise, Gerry has forged ahead until a quarter of a century after the founding of this society the organization is become an indispensable arm of the law. Originally Elbridge T. Gerry was

counsel for the late Henry Berg, the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To the notice of the latter society came a case of atrocious cruelty to a child, known only as "Mary Ellen." The investigation and handling of this case was the germ of the children's society, which from the start won the aid of many wealthy philanthropists. Henry Berg became presi-

agent of the society, it is conducted to the building of the society on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. On the first floor the child is given to a matron who has it bathed, examined and dressed in clean clothes. On the second floor are the offices, where a force of clerks is always busy with the books of the organization. Here also are the rooms of the board



Eugene and Silas —. They were abused by a drunken father. The pictures show them as received by the society, and after.

dent and Elbridge T. Gerry vice-president. In 1879, Mr. Gerry was elected president of the society, from which time it has been the main work of his life. It was the first society of its kind in the world. To-day there are 500 of them, and all are modeled largely on New York's exemplar.

The records show that the society has received 129,675 complaints, involving the custody of 368,799 children. Of these 50,800 cases have been prosecuted, with 47,455 resultant convictions; while 83,986 children have been rescued and cared for. During the year 1899 more than 3,000 cases were investigated, with a saving to the city of \$84,864, at the yearly allowance of \$104 per capita. Further, the society collected in the same year the sum of \$9,690.75 from parents whose children have been committed to institutions. This money has been paid over to the city fund for the maintenance of public charities and institutions.

As soon as a child is taken in hand by the

of officers, the room of the president and that of the superintendent. On this same floor is the museum, a place of most curious interest, which contains instruments of cruelty and crime seized by the society. In the cases are bottles of intoxicating drinks, of poison and of chemicals of various kinds. There are also whips, lashes, cudgels and sundry devices of fiendish minds. Sorry musical instruments and begging outfits fill one case, and in another are signs and placards taken from children that have been put out to beg or to fake. In the upper part of the building are the playrooms, the hospital, the living rooms; the roof is a playground, fenced in, and divided by a grill to keep the boys separate from the girls.

Two rooms are set apart for vicious children. The society houses children only while their final disposition is in process of law. Afterwards they are delivered to the institutions appointed by the court.

The society is frequently apprised of a

case requiring its attention by an anonymous letter, such as the following:

"I write to ask if you will kindly call in regard to a little child that is at present living in No. — West



Japanese child, Onga —. Taken from her uncle, who was training her to be an acrobat. The uncle promised to comply with the law and the child was delivered to him. The child was sent back to Japan. She is now of age and is in a troupe of acrobats touring this country.

we don't dare say anything for they would kill her sure. She says they are not her father and mother; and that she cannot write to them. Come as soon as possible.

"Mrs. —."

A cautious investigation followed the receipt of this letter, and the man and woman described were arrested. The child, Blanche — was taken in charge by the society. The man and woman were found to be cheap vaudeville actors who had outlived their earning days. They were training the child so she could support them. They had wheedled the child away from her parents, who lived in Canada, on the pretext that they would make of her a famous actress. The furnished rooms in which the couple lived were in a squalid condition. They had covered the child with bruises in their efforts to have her acquire vulgar dances and poses. The child said to an officer of the society as she was about to be returned to her parents:

"I don't want any more acting business. If people knew how they beat me, they wouldn't like the play, would they?"

"Me fadder and mudder's dead an' I'm

Forty-third Street, and is in need of your care and aid very much. To begin with, they are making an actress of her and the poor little thing does not look able to perform the duties and she is forever with marks on her body. She tells us how she gets these marks till our hearts ache for her. But



John Doe No. 32.—Abandoned at the office of the Institution of Mercy. The woman that brought him went away on the pretext of buying some candy for the baby. This child has been adopted by a respectable family.

hungry an' I want to go to college," said a seven-year-old Italian boy, who came one day last year into the society's building.

While the clerk was listening to the boy's story, an officer brought in a robust Italian that he had found loitering suspiciously about the entrance. On being cross-examined, the boy confessed that the man was his father. Investigation proved that the father was supported by his wife, and that he had put the boy up to lie to the society so that he might be taken in charge. There is an idea among a



This child, offspring of a Chinaman and a white woman, was taken from most filthy surroundings in Mott Street.

certain class of Italians that children cared for by the city are placed in a college. Hence the boy's ambitious request.



Jane Doe No. 6.—Abandoned; no trace of father or mother.

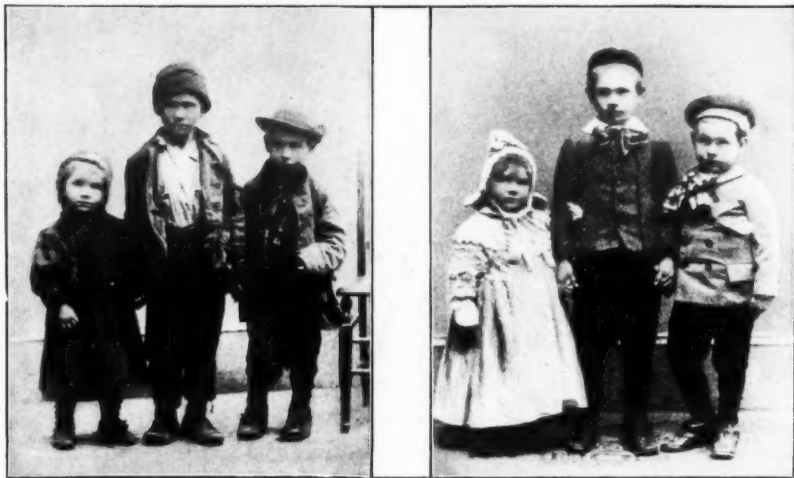
The father was sent to the penitentiary and the boy was returned to his mother.

The society has at times thirty to forty cases in the courts in one day. Each morning the wagon of the society may be seen on its way to the Criminal Courts' Building. The wagon looks

like a police patrol and has wire screens on all sides. These cases are directed by E. Fellows Jenkins, secretary and superintendent of the society. Mr. Jenkins has been with Mr. Gerry since the beginning. One of the most valuable services rendered by the society was the killing of the child padrone system. Children were formerly brought here in droves to beg, to peddle and to play musi-

trial he fled from the city. But "The Fairest Wheel" was banished from New York. "Mr. Wilson" recommenced operations in Philadelphia, where he was speedily squelched through the instigation of the New York society.

Child thievery has abated also because the society has enforced the law that prohibits pawnbrokers from taking pledges or



Robert, James and Emma ——. Picked up hungry and wandering. Their parents, habitual drunkards, were imprisoned and their children were sent to an institution. The pictures show their condition when received, and after.

cal instruments in the streets. The padrone starved them and kept them in rags, meanwhile pocketing all their takings. To-day child beggars are very rare. The padrone system is still practiced among fruit and push-cart peddlars, who are beyond the control of the Gerry Society.

"The Fairest Wheel" was developing the gambling instinct most fruitfully among the children of the poor until the hand of the society crushed it. The device is a kind of wheel of fortune and was to be found generally in candy and toy stores near schools. Both the inventor and the storekeepers were making money easily until complaints began to pour in from mothers who found their children begging and filching pennies immoderately, yet never showing any return for them. Storekeepers were arrested. Their fines were indirectly paid by the promoter of "The Fairest Wheel." Finally the society got on the track of this genius, one "Alfred B. Wilson." Before he could be brought to

making loans to any person under sixteen years of age. A notable case is that of Edward —, seven years of age, who stole a pair of shoes, on which a money lender advanced him thirty cents. Both child and broker were arrested; the latter was fined \$25, and the child was committed to an institution. Frequently articles of much value were stolen by children. The pawnbroker would furnish a ridiculous sum for them, and the child, fearing detection, would destroy the ticket. The pawnbroker's profit on such a transaction may be imagined.

The depths of vice frequently revealed through the investigations of agents of the society render these agents an effective aid to the police. It was learned some time ago that a Hebrew girl of fourteen years had been lured to a vile resort in the "Red Light District," on the lower East Side. The child was rescued and lodged with the society on the same day the agent got his clew. Lena Cohen, the keeper of the house, was arrested

and held under heavy bail for harboring the girl and for keeping such a place. Every detail of evidence in this unexampled case was secured and the woman was sentenced to serve one year in the penitentiary. The society did not stop here. The woman was remanded to the city prison to await the more severe charge of abduction, of which she was found guilty. Her counsel pleaded for clemency on the ground that she was a mother and that she would be sufficiently punished at the end of one year.

Justice Newburger, in passing sentence, said, in substance: "I cannot realize that a human being, particularly a woman who is herself a mother, could be the keeper of a place of this kind, and could permit a child of fourteen to be treated as the child in this case was treated. This case is one of the worst in its nature to which the attention of this court has been called. It is one that certainly deserves more than passing notice and calls for the meting out of some severe punishment.



A stepmother poured boiling water on the legs of this child to punish her. The society rescued the child and caused the stepmother to be sent to prison.

"On the verdict in this case I will sentence this inhuman creature to state's prison at Auburn for a term of three years and six months."

It was ascertained later by the society's agents that the unfortunate situation of the young girl was brought about by a brute in human form who succeeded in betraying her so she feared to go home, and he took her to the vile resort in which she was found,

and that he actually received a price from Lena Cohen for this service, and not only this, but he had continued to receive money from the young girl secured as the proceeds of her life of shame. This man—Louis Sodoisky—thirty-five years of age, was apprehended and lodged in the Tombs charged with the crime of rape.

On Novem-



The Girls' Playroom in the Society's Building.

ber 29, 1898, he was brought to trial before Justice Newburger and a jury, that took just eight minutes to render a verdict of guilty.

In his charge, the justice said:

"In this case, it is proper to say that on the 16th of November, 1898, one Lena Cohen was tried and convicted of the double



These four children and their consumptive mother, with a nursing infant, were found in a starving condition. The father proved to be a tout for cheap cafes on the lower East Side. He was sent to prison, the mother to a hospital and the children to an asylum.

crime in abducting and holding a certain young girl for the purpose of prostitution. The evidence was of such a nature that it is unfit to repeat, and, to put it mildly, was so disgusting in its nature that nothing has ever occurred in this court to surpass it. This man, after accomplishing the ruin of this little girl, which he admits was one night when she was asleep on a stoop, places her in a house of ill fame and receives, with Lena Cohen, a part of the proceeds of her shameful life.

"It is a pity indeed that the whipping post has been abolished; it is a pity the old form of punishment is not in vogue. I might say more, but I do not propose to at this time. I want it distinctly understood that this class of men (?) as they term themselves—beasts I call them, and that is too good, as they have instincts higher than

beasts—must be driven out of this city. I am convinced the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the police can accomplish the fact. This defendant is one of a class that seems to have grown to large proportions within the past few years, and in imposing sentence, I propose it shall have the deterrent effect on others, as well as the punishment of this character.

"Upon his conviction I will sentence this defendant to state's prison for a term of ten years."

Mr. Gerry's fixed conviction that the use of children as public entertainers is ruinous to their moral and physical being has resulted in much benefit for talented youngsters and in a deluge of abuse for their protector. Several years ago he called in the aid of the law to prevent the performances of a child pianist. The child was admitted by all qualified to judge to be marvelously talented, and as the young prodigy



John —, beaten and assaulted with an axe by his father. The society rescued the boy and prosecuted the father, who was sent to Sing Sing Prison for seven years.

seemed to be well cared for, the outcry against the society was long and loud. But Mr. Gerry never flinched, and the law upheld him. Shortly afterwards the child was taken to Europe and the episode faded from the public mind. Ten years later the same pianist reappeared, now in the vigor of youth. His musical gifts had been developed

under the guidance of the most accomplished foreign instructors. The public wondered and admired, but few knew that the musician owed the training in his art to the generosity of the man who had restrained him from concert playing ten years before.

If Elbridge T. Gerry had not so much wisdom in the law, his wealth and determination would hardly have brought his enterprise to such a height of success. Although the interests of the society have occupied so much of his life, he has never wavered in his devotion to the study of his profession. His law library in his palatial residence at Sixty-first Street and Fifth Avenue contains about 15,000 volumes. His fluent acquaintance with Latin has enabled him to make serious researches in Roman law. He imported some rare portieres once in which were woven Latin inscriptions. In deciphering these Mr. Gerry and a Latin professor from Columbia had some amiable dispute.

Mr. Gerry is a Columbia graduate of '57. He was born in New York on Christmas Day, 1837, and has always kept his home in the city of his birth. His summer place, "Seaverge," is at Newport. He has taken a keen pleasure in yachting, and was elected commodore of the New York Yacht Club in 1886. The title has since clung to him. His steam yacht *Electra* is one of the fastest in commission. Mr. Gerry early in life married Miss Livingston, of the old and wealthy Livingston family of Staten Island. For some time after their



Three little minstrels forced to sing and beg in the streets by a padrone. They were rescued by the society, which has killed the padrone system in so far as it affects children.

marriage Mr. Gerry lived with his wife's parents. Each morning Mr. Gerry and his father-in-law came by boat to South Ferry, where they hired a cab to go to their offices. Mr. Gerry usually paid the driver. One morning Mr. Livingston was alone. On leaving the cab he handed a dollar to the driver.

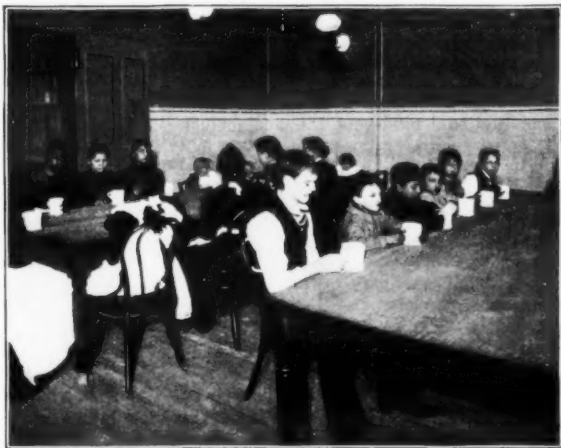
The driver drew such a face of astonishment that Mr. Livingston asked:

"Isn't that right?"

"The other gentleman always pays me two dollars," said the driver.

"Well, he's got a rich father-in-law, you see, and I haven't," replied Mr. Livingston.

Mr. Gerry was a rich man at the time of his marriage, and his wife's dower combined to form a very respectable fortune. His life-work is the more remarkable on this account, when he might so naturally have spent his days in luxury and ease. His very tall and straight figure, his forceful face and stern voice have filled many people with



The Dining Room of the Society.



The Grace Day Nursery, Where Children are Received From the Society.

the idea that Mr. Gerry is a hard man. Those who have had to trust to his mercy, however, know what a well of kindness lies in his heart. One instance of particular thoughtfulness will bear repeating. Two years ago when the regiments from Cuba were encamped at Montauk Point, the *Electra* steamed into Fort Pond Bay one day and quietly discharged a cargo of delicacies for "the boys." The yacht was off and away again without the slightest ado. Only the hard-driven men who were quartered there could fully appreciate such a golden inspiration.

Because of his intimate knowledge of crime, criminals and their ways, Mr. Gerry was appointed one of the New York state commission to decide upon the most humane method of capital punishment. Mr. Gerry

recommended execution by electricity, the success of which method is now a fact. The upbuilding of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, however, is the abiding purpose of Mr. Gerry. He don't like to have it called the Gerry Society, and it is not to-day a one-man organization, but "a subordinate governmental agency." It has seemed wise to the founder to have the society remain thus distinct from purely public institutions. For this reason he recently defeated the attempt of the State Board of Charities to secure control of the society. As long as the society remains the well-managed and efficient instrument of the law that Gerry has made it, and as long as state, city and town are under the thumb of political bosses, few will advocate a change.

THE PRODIGALS

BY ARTHUR KETCHUM

The brown earth calls them home to her
Flower and leaf and seed —
Back to her kindly heart again
To shield them in their need.

So ends their little span of life
The glimpse of wind and sun—
So falls the winter rest on them
Whose summer-tide is done.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL*

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE

BY BRIG-GEN. CHARLES KING

THE major-general turned in saddle and looked back across the bloody field toward the roofs of Paco glinting between him and the white towers of Manila, another mile beyond. The pale blue clouds had drifted away. In their place dense volumes of black smoke were beginning to roll skyward from three or four points in the thronging suburb, and the crackle of burning bamboo sounded like a distant fusillade.

"They've been firing on our wounded and ambulances from the church and native houses," said the general, briefly. He was thinking—he couldn't help it—of the words of two battery officers he had overheard as he stood at the knoll, watching the triumphant advance of his division. Rodney May was the first speaker, and the battery commander had heard without either reproof or dissent.

"It's just what Eric said at Pawnee ten years ago. He has come steadily up and Nathan gone steadily down in the good opinion of every square man in the regiment. Yesterday they were on a level as far as rank goes; to-day I'm betting Langdon's name goes in for brevet and Nathan's won't be heard of."

"Where on earth is Colonel Nathan?" asked the brigade commander, as he reined in on the Plaza under the walls of the great church where two companies of the Columbias were fanning their hot faces with their broad-brimmed hats, and the men looked at each other and grinned.

"Where on earth is Colonel Nathan?" again demanded the division chief, as he and the brigadier rode through the smoke of blazing nipa huts from whose walls the lurking Tagal rifles had shot down but a few moments before attendants of the wounded, friend and foe alike. A surgeon looking up from the stretcher over which he was bending, ducked his head toward distant Paco.

"Away back yonder, general. You won't find him this side of the Concordia." And the two seniors exchanged glances. Not until out of range of listening ears was another word spoken. Then the division commander began to free himself of his impressions.

"When the story of this day's work is told, your Washoes and Westerners, especially Langdon, will be glorified," said he; "but what shall be said of Nathan?"

Meanwhile Eric Langdon burned with pain and fever under the roof where lay, convalescing of the wounds received early in the first day's fight, his gallant and devoted friend, Melville. Langdon pulled through, thanks to native strength and constitution and the tireless devotion and professional skill of the surgeon who received him, unconscious and sore spent, from the hands of the hospital corps. "Doing as well, general, as we can expect after so severe a wound," was Dr. Armistead's almost daily report for a week. "But, what will the waking be?"

"If you will permit me, Dr. Armistead, that is a matter with which I shall charge myself. It's time Langdon knew the truth."

And so, one day, when the soft sea breeze was blowing in from the bay, now studded with transports bringing the long-delayed reinforcements, as Langdon lay, weak, but once again clear-headed and craving news of his men, Melville hobbled to his bedside and signaled to the attendant to slip away. "Langdon, old fellow," he asked, as they were left alone, "feel as though you could bear a shock to-day? Your old division commander came in to say good-by while you were asleep. You are named for the medal of honor and the brevet of brigadier-general. I wrote the news—home—by last post."

The pale, thin face on the pillow lighted with a faint flush of pleasure. The long, slender fingers feebly clasped the warm hand extended in greeting.

"How long before I can be in saddle again?" was the question framed by his pallid lips, and the voice was but the ghost of that that rang like a clarion over the field at Santa Ana and swung the Washoes into their magnificent charge.

"Two months—or three, perhaps, and not that, possibly, without a sea voyage to Japan or a run to Australia. You had a fearful wound, Eric, and under God's providence

*"Ten Years' Trial" began in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for December.

nothing but the best of surgeons and constitutions saved you. Dr. Meade is looking after you now that all is going so well, but for two weeks, lad, it was nip and tuck, and have you any idea who—who pulled you through?"

Langdon's eyes spoke negation and inquiry both.

"Dr. Armistead, Eric."

The patient half rose on his pillow, no faint flush this time on his brow, but Melville's hand at once rebuked and restrained him.

"There's a story you ought to hear, Langdon, and it is one I'll vouch for. Shut your eyes and lie quiet now, for I'm going to tell it."

And so in far away Manila, with his medal of honor in sight, as it were, and his soldier ambition well-nigh fully realized, the wounded soldier heard from the lips of his best and staunchest friend the tale of Armistead's real relations with the woman who, bearing Langdon's name, had so nearly wrecked his life. The early boyish infatuation of the young Virginian was not concealed. The lad well-nigh worshipped his pretty, frivolous kinswoman, and had endowed her with mental gifts and moral attributes that only with maturing years he found fictitious, and still, like a knight of old, he had stood between her and temptation, had striven manfully to lead her to the light and interpose between her and the sting of scandal. The true story of the encounter at the Shoreham, Langdon heard at last, and hid his face in sorrow and contrition. He had so easily believed ill of Armistead—he had so utterly misjudged him.

"Ask him to—come to me—in a day or two, will you, general?" he said, faintly pressing Melville's hand. "I need to think over this. It is all—so different." And Melville stole away and left him with the brief Oriental twilight just shrouding the skies

XX.

The summer had come and gone. The state regiments were summoned home for muster-out, and thrice their number in regulars and national volunteers were gone or going to Manila. Only in small bodies and rather as banditti or guerrillas were the enemy encountered. The lightning dashes of the cavalry north and south in Luzon, and the tireless scouts and marches of the infantry, had scattered the insurgents in every direction. The war had dwindled to a

campaign of detachments, "like old Arizona days," as the troopers put it, and, full of honors and the consciousness of duty faithfully done, with thinned ranks and in many instances thin, gaunt faces, the soldiery of the wide West was sailing back across the seas and being welcomed with tumultuous acclaim at San Francisco. The Columbias mourned the loss of many a gallant lad left buried in the Philippines, but parted without perceptible emotion with their original lieutenant-colonel. Nathan resigned the silver leaves long months before they fought their last fight, preferring brief garrison duty with his battery. So many colonels and majors seemed to get picked off by the rebel rifles that it became positively unsafe to take the field, said a saturnine staff officer of the commanding general, and that might have influenced Nathan's action. But promotions in the artillery arm speedily gave him, under the law, the grade of major, and it was better to be a live major of regulars at a comfortable station in the states than a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers in the mud and rain and discomfort of Luzon. The volunteers were coming back with every transport, and being camped on the reservation pending their muster-out. The Columbias arrived, and Nathan arranged a big dinner for the officers, and rode about among the men—who, somehow, couldn't seem to see him, and many wouldn't even salute. Only a meager dozen of the junior officers attended that feast. It flattened dolefully despite the lavish flow of wine. Every field officer "regretted," and certain of the captains, possibly unschooled in the ways of society, never even acknowledged the courtesy. Major Train, who had been promoted lieutenant-colonel on Nathan's resignation, would not even notice him. The colonel's greeting was grave and distant. Some of the men laughed aloud when Nathan rode over to camp, and the situation was the talk of the great assemblage of returning volunteers when in came the transport with the war-worn Washoes, Eric Langdon at their head, tumultuously greeted by the throng the day they disembarked. And Nathan asked for leave of absence. In civilian dress, and accompanied by his wife and a single servant, he drove to the ferry unnoticed of the cheering crowds that rent the air with shouts for Langdon and his devoted men.

It took full a fortnight to complete the examinations and all the preliminary papers before the final muster-out of the brave band of brothers they had become. There were

returning regiments in whose membership there lived the ranklings of discord and jealousy, but the Washoes had but one creed and no recriminations. They believed in God, they loved their country, and they swore by Eric Langdon. The governor and his staff came by special train from the northeast to meet them on their return, and Cresswell, too, was there, and both their senators, and many men with the bees of possible office buzzing in their bonnets, and all of these had much to say in public and in all their many speeches to the listening warriors in praise of their heroic colonel, the one thing sure to evoke tumultuous applause—and much to say in private to that silent soldier himself. The burden of their united song was a source of keen and whimsical delight to Langdon and to Melville, who, with his household, was waiting orders of the War Department at the Colonial. It would be so very much better for Langdon, said all these statesmen, to accept the high commission they proposed obtaining for him in the regular service, than to think of entering political life, which they could truthfully assure him was so sadly uncertain and full of disappointments.

Langdon listened with the same quizzical smile, but said very little. He knew perfectly well that all Washoe couldn't change the laws, and that nothing short of a special act of Congress could place him in the Army with any rank he cared to accept. He had been tendered the colonelcy of one of the new regiments, but the surgeons shook their heads. Cresswell clamored for his return to the office; the Washoe *Zephyr*, that was at odds with the governor, swung out its banner to the breeze with, "For Governor, General Eric Langdon, the hero of Manila," irrespective of the fact that there had been a hundred or more equally heroic and as little versed in politics. It was "done for devilment," as the governor's henchmen took pains to assure Langdon, but most people throughout the state and the regiment to a man took it seriously, and machine statesmen far and near were sorely worried. There is nothing so sure to stir things the wrong way for all parties, and principally for himself, as the injection of the martial hero into politics. Langdon was for announcing in so many words that he would never permit the use of his name, but Cresswell, the veteran of a dozen campaigns, bound him to silence. "Think what you please, do what you please when the time comes, but meanwhile keep your own counsel. No matter if you don't

want the governorship or any civil office, let 'em think you do. It's the surest way to get what you do want." The whole state delegation in Congress, the governor and his backers were clamoring by wire for Langdon's immediate promotion to the grade of brigadier-general. That would insure his going back to the Philippines and being far out of the field when nominations were in order. But Washoe is too many hundreds of miles from Washington for them to importune in person, and letters and telegrams are far easier to answer than personal pleas, and "influence," said Melville, "is inversely as the square of the distance." The brevet of the silver star was wired without much objection at the War Office, and the Washoes roared with joy over the news that for conspicuous bravery in half a dozen actions including Baligabangbang, where he was severely wounded, their beloved colonel was breveted a general.

It was relief at night to get away from the thronging camp and the importunities of statecraft and to find refuge at Melville's quiet, cozy suite of rooms at the homelike old hostelry. Lips that smiled and eyes that shone were ever there to welcome him, and with the general he could talk unreservedly. Neither by education nor temperament was he fitted for political life. Its intrigues and devices were detestable to him, its associations galling. As a lawyer he had seen—he had *had* to see—much of the chicanery with which the whole edifice is surrounded. He had no ambition in that direction. His law practice had begun to be lucrative before the outbreak of the war, and bade fair to become more so as soon as he could resume work. All the old debts, with interest, had long since been paid. He had bought land and was drawing plans for a pretty home when the trumpets sounded to arms. He had even begun to dream of a *châtelaine* for that chateau. Certain batteries of the old regiment were stationed in the harbor, and officers who were his contemporaries in the old days at Pawnee, seniors and juniors both, now came to his disciplined, well-ordered camp and looked with appreciative eyes upon those stalwart, seasoned battalions and envied him his experience and opportunities. Torrance had got his double bars at last and gone on to Manila as the volunteers were coming home, but he had long since broken with Nathan, and the soldier in him sought reconciliation with the man who had won such honors in the campaign. The full realization of the wrong he had done Langdon

long since dawned upon him, and yet how horribly awkward was his position! Other men in the regiment who had quarreled with their kind and wanted to end the strain of long misunderstanding, could go to Melville, sure of sound advice and sympathetic aid. Melville could harmonize where others only meddled. But Torrance was barred. Melville was the one man to whom he could not go, for in his rancor he had so far forgotten himself and what was due a woman as to name one of Melville's household in his denunciation of his brother lieutenant. Langdon had cordially greeted and received certain of the old regiment who had held aloof in his days of trouble, but who came to him frankly and told him of their contrition and regret. They had wronged only Langdon; Torrance had spoken disdainfully of a brave girl whose offense, in the eyes of the small snob element at Pawnee, was that she stood by the sorrowing man and thought him despitefully used, and now would Langdon be apt to forgive an affront to Ethel Grahame? Mrs. Torrance, after the new captain sailed for Manila, wished to take rooms with these pleasant army people at their favorite caravanserai. She loved society, but everybody knew her husband had been knocked flat by Langdon for impertinent mention of Miss Grahame, and, though it happened ten years before, the breach had never been healed. Torrance had never sought pardon. How *could* she go there? The Nathans were taking the mountain air up at Tahoe, waiting for the volunteers to disperse, but the major's leave was for only two weeks. The Washoes were still in camp and the day of muster-out not yet determined. The governor and his satellites were now less clamorous for speedy settlement of their papers and somewhat given to suggestion that, after all, "It wouldn't pay for the regiment to come to the capital. They wouldn't have their arms and their equipments, etc., all having to be turned in at the Presidio, so it would hardly be like a military parade. All things considered, it would be just as well for the boys to scatter at 'Frisco and each choose his own homeward way." So the military authorities bent their energies toward getting rid of those regiments whose statesmen were clamorous, and thus it happened that the Nathans returned while the Washoes were still in camp, and it might have been better had that leave been extended.

One glorious autumn morning the regiment formed line for final review, and in great numbers civilians, soldiers, and women

fair, were assembled to witness the ceremony. The Columbias had been paid off to the last man and given their discharge, but several of their officers still lingered about the city. The Evergreens had been welcomed home, and feted and feasted to their heart's content. Not a company had gone on its way without stopping for a parting call and cheer at Langdon's camp. The commanding general and his staff, escorted by a troop of cavalry from the barracks and greeted by the thunder of the garrison guns, took place in front of the center of the long, statuesque line. For the last time the Washoes came out in khaki, and very fit and soldierly they looked, despite the relaxation of the long homeward voyage and the days of waiting about the city. To right and left of the reviewing point were scores of carriages from town, and an aide-de-camp had ridden to Gen. Melville's with the compliments of the department commander and an invitation to draw up close to the staff where a far better view could be had, and so it happened that Mrs. Melville and Ethel Grahame sat smiling within the charmed circle—the space parceled off by sentries for the immediate party of the reviewing officials. The general left his station and rode up beside them and doffed his plumed chapeau. "I had hoped to have you ride with us to-day, Melville," said he, "but I suppose the doctors must have their way. Miss Grahame, I saw you in saddle in the park yesterday, and I envied your escort"—the general was nothing if not gallant. "Wonderful how some men recuperate from wounds received in battle," continued the double starred veteran, and gazed impressively at Miss Grahame, and glanced at Langdon, sitting erect half way across the field. It seemed to the commander that he had put it very neatly, though the lady failed to appear profoundly impressed. She wished to know the cause of the delay, for the Washoes were now standing at ease. "Oh, the governor and some of his people!" explained the chief, with slight annoyance in his tone. "It seems they have been entertained over at the post, but they're coming now," he added, as two carriages, escorted by three or four horsemen, came sweeping over the brow of the northward height. Impatient eyes glanced thitherward, and presently half the waiting line in khaki, and dozens among the carriage loads of lookers-on, were aware that there was a hitch of some kind up toward that end of the field.

"Hullo!" said the general. "What's amiss yonder?" for all on a sudden the carriages

of the approaching dignitaries had stopped at the sentry line, and there was running and commotion. Then Langdon was seen to spur rapidly to the spot, and in one minute after his appearance on the scene of a violent scuffle matters were straightened out. The carriages with some flustered-looking civilians were driving down to the reviewing point, and the colonel galloped back to his post. Three horsemen presently rode slowly back toward the garrison, and a curious crowd surrounded a little knot of angered and excited men. All in that brief space of time an odd thing had happened:

It seems that Nathan had tendered certain hospitalities to the governor and his attendant officials—that there had been a champagne breakfast, prolonged beyond the limits—that Nathan, his adjutant and orderly essayed to escort the carriages of their guests to the reviewing point, and that when they reached the sentry lines a brown-cheeked, stalwart young fellow had presented arms to the governor, but lowered his bayonet and said "Halt!" to the major.

"I'm escorting the governor of Washoe!" said Nathan, flushed and angry.

"So I see, sir," said the Washoe private, a University lad who knew whereof he spoke, "but my orders are imperative. The governor and the state officials can pass in their carriages. All others must keep off the field."

"This is damned insolence!" shouted Nathan, flushed with wine and furious at the detention with the consequent humiliation. "Go on, driver! Out of the way, you!"

The coachman whipped up, knowing no better. The major spurred. His powerful horse sprang forward, but in a second the lithe Westerner had seized him by the bit and, bearing him back, yelled lustily for the corporal of the guard. Mad with rage, Nathan lashed with his hunting crop at the young soldier's head, but in another instant two men, one in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, the other in civilian dress, sprang to the aid of the sentry. One of them seized Nathan's left foot in both hands, and by an old and well-known trick, suddenly heaving, tumbled the raging, red-faced officer headforemost out of saddle. He landed heavily, but labored presently to his feet, choking with fury and well-nigh bereft of his senses. The corporal had come with a rush.

"Arrest these men!" roared Nathan. "They've attacked me—an officer on duty—escorting a governor! Put that sentry in the guard tent!"

"The sentry was only doing his duty, sir," began the corporal. "Those were his orders—"

"Orders from that damned safe-robbing scoundrel of a militia colonel out yonder—"

Whack! that was Nathan's last hit for many a day. The young man in civilian dress darted in and landed a scientific swing on the jaw that dropped the luckless officer like a log. Nathan lay for a moment stunned, then looked up dazed and helpless into the grave face of Eric Langdon.

"Get your major home at once," the colonel replied to the adjutant's hurried, embarrassed explanation. "The matter shall be fully investigated. Who—struck him?"

"I did, General Langdon," spoke up the assailant, with blood in his eye and wrath on his tongue. "Captain Martin, late Second Columbias, sir, and I'm ready to answer for it to him or to anybody—here or anywhere. He lashed a sentry in the discharge of his duty—and if that isn't enough, by heaven— Well, you heard what he said?" And the young captain appealed to the crowd.

That evening there was a never-to-be-forgotten scene in front of the colonel's tent in the camp of the Washoes. Six hundred strong, officers and men, massed in solid phalanx, silent, bareheaded, there stood the two battalions, while their spokesman, his voice trembling with emotion, strove to say to the loved and honored commander that the heart of the whole regiment went with the beautiful sword they gave him in parting tribute. Close to the colonel on one side were grouped the governor, his staff and state officers, and on the other a large party of officers and ladies, Melville and his household in their midst. Rodney May, with one arm in a sling, had tendered the other, hardly knowing what he did, to Ethel Grahame, who, unaccountably had taken it. Hovering about the skirts of the crowd an old darkey, bowed and decrepit, was whimpering with joy. On the flanks of the battalions, as though by some spontaneous impulse, were gathered hundreds of other soldiery, regulars from the batteries, volunteers still serving in the neighboring camps, and all were hushed and all were hanging on the words of the soldier spokesman as he told of the scenes of battle across the wide surges of the ocean, of the never failing care of the colonel for his men, of his daring leadership, of his almost fatherly devotion to their wounded and stricken. Vehemently the statesmen applauded every-telling point, and

the soldiers followed suit, but presently the major came to speak of the future—of the severance of the soldier ties that bound them—of the love and trust and faith with which their hearts would follow their soldier leader—of the pride and confidence with which they hailed the honors still in store for him—and here the Washoes broke loose and roared applause and acclamation, and then came the time to say farewell, but here their orator broke down. "Speak for yourselves, boys," he choked. "I can't say another word." And "the boys" breaking ranks, bore down on their commander in tumultuously cheering torrent, officers and men grasping his extended hands, unashamed of the dew that dimmed their eyes, unafraid of rebuke or regulation, and when at last they were dispersed and gone and had cheered to the echo his few brief, heartfelt words of thanks and farewell, and May and Melville and the comrades of the old, old days had pressed his hands, now well-nigh crushed and nerveless, and he could turn again to see what had become of that beautiful sword, it had found its way, somehow, to Ethel Grahame, who stood gazing after the departing soldiery, her soft eyes swimming in tears.

The sound of cheering borne on the evening breeze swept through the bowered row of officers' quarters in the garrison, close at hand, but there was strange hush at Nathan's, whose piazza rustled, as a rule, with the silks and satins of society. Investigation of the morning episode had been prompt and searching. The commanding general had seen the fracas from afar. His own staff officer made report, his own orders had been defied, for, thanks to an over-eager crowd at a previous ceremony, the chief of staff had written that, except such persons as should be personally bidden, only the general, his staff and escort, with the state officials, should be allowed within the line of sentries. Nathan's self-appointment as escort to the governor failed of confirmation. The sentinel had acted strictly in accordance with his orders. The major had committed one of the gravest crimes known to military law, first in refusing to obey—second in daring to strike—the sentry. Capt. Martin and his associates, late of the Columbias, were interrogated by the judge advocate of the department and bidden to hold themselves in readiness to testify before the court that would be convened forthwith, for Major Nathan had been placed in close arrest.

But that wasn't all. Cresswell was a hard hater, and as hard a hitter. Nathan's vile insult had been audible to a dozen by-standers, and though Langdon had not been allowed to hear of it, Cresswell followed up the rumor and got the exact words. In formulating the charges against the officer it was considered both unnecessary and unwise to refer to them. There was quite enough to dismiss him from the service without allusion to his insane outbreak, but Cresswell wasn't satisfied. He had never abandoned his theory that young Betts was the culprit, and long years after the occurrence, and soon after the senior's transfer to another road, there leaked a story from the yards that had been suppressed only so long as Betts was influential, and the young man fled from Brentwood between two days—no one knew whither. The matter caused no little talk at the time, for the Road made no effort to run him down. It was learned later that a shortage of upwards of a thousand dollars was "squared" by relatives of the fugitive, and that, it was supposed, would end the matter.

Perhaps it might have done so, but for Nathan's reiteration of the old slander, and there was a scene in the lobby of the Palace Hotel one evening just within the week of the episode, when the president of the Seattle, who had hastened from Chicago in response to "wires" from the Nathans, and who had had a long interview with the accused officer that morning, and a short one—a very short one, with the chief of staff that afternoon—came sauntering down in evening dress to dinner, a brace of magnates with him. The trio was suddenly accosted by Judge Cresswell, who presented his card and delivered himself substantially as follows:

"Mr. Barclay, you were general manager of the Seattle at the time of a certain safe robbery in the Big Horn office at Brentwood. You were satisfied of the innocence of Mr. Langdon, because immediately after his discharge by the Big Horn you tendered him as good a position on your road. Is not this true?"

Barclay flushed. He was a man accustomed to dictate, and to be approached only with much show of deference. Triple doors and keepers guarded his office against intrusion, and a most icy reserve of manner discouraged all attempts at conversation except among his chosen intimates. But here was this confounded Kentuckian—he knew him well by sight and repute—accosting him

with scant ceremony in a public place. He promptly froze, but Cresswell warned to his work.

"I see it is, and that you distinctly remember it. Moreover, you know that young Betts has been a fugitive from justice for months, and that his shortages, including the six hundred dollars, were paid by his father, now in your employ. I know this, because Mr. Burleigh, of the Big Horn, has frankly told me that he long since told you, and yet your precious kinsman, whom you have hastened here to save, if possible, dared last week to publicly speak of my partner, Gen. Langdon, as the safe robber."

"Your partner subjected Major Nathan to a gross indignity," interjected Barclay, icily.

"My partner did not, sir, and it is my belief that you know he did not—that the order Major Nathan refused to obey was that of the commanding general," and now Col. Cresswell's voice resounded through the echoing lobby. "A gentleman, sir, from my section of the Union can't soil his hands by chastising a coward, as Major Nathan is held to be, and the protection of his wife's petticoats prevents my getting him where I can brand him as a liar, but as you are his next of kin, by marriage, at least, I have taken this opportunity of making known my sentiments to you. You have my address, sir. Good-evening to you, sir."

And the colonel majestically lifted his hat and strolled magnificently away. Of course, that *rencontre* was in the morning papers, and so at last Langdon heard of Nathan's language.

The formal muster out of the Washoes was to occur that afternoon. Some few of the officers, commissioned in new regiments, were to return to Manila. Certain others were to remain a while in San Francisco, but the bulk of the men would scatter for home soon after the final ceremony, the governor and his advisers having decided against the parade. Melville at breakfast time read the sensational account in the *Investigator* and the more conservative story of the *Carbuncle*. Within an hour he was at Langdon's tent, and found the colonel supervising the packing of his soldier goods and chattels. Each knew what was uppermost in the mind of the other, and Langdon bade his orderly excuse him to visitors a few moments, sent Hurricane to the camp post-office and let down the flaps of the tent.

"That fellow is still in close arrest," said he, "and I cannot reach him until he is released."

"And then?" asked Melville, thoughtfully.

"Then—I shall cowhide him."

"Langdon," said the general, after a moment's reflection, "that's what brought me out here so early. Read this first."

It was a letter in Nathan's handwriting. Langdon took it slowly and with obvious repugnance, his eyes the while resting with inquiry and eagerness upon another missive, a little note that the general still retained. Opening the first, however, he read as follows:

"My dear Gen. Melville:

"A man never knows how friendless he is—in the Army—unless luck has gone back on him, and he is down. I am down, I see that I have made a bad mess of it and know there will be no sympathy for me in that court. I suppose you've seen the detail—it's packed to convict, and, in the present exaggerated feeling as to the relative merits of the volunteers and regulars, my break seems much more serious than it really was. I merely lost my temper and said and did things that were—indefensible, I suppose. But put yourself in my place. I have reason to believe that I was being discriminated against, and that Col. Langdon had purposely placed sentries there to publicly humiliate me. What would you think to have your horse backed almost from under you by a private soldier! I'll warrant that Col. Langdon would have used the lash quicker than I did. In fact I hardly struck the sentry at all, but of course it's useless to talk of it. They've about convinced Mr. Barclay that the least I can look for is dismissal, unless I can get those charges withdrawn. I am willing to admit I was hasty, or I suppose I ought to say violent, and I'm willing to do anything you say to make amends, both to the soldier in the case and to the colonel. A written apology, I suppose, is what they'll want—"

But Langdon's indignation rose with every line.

"Why do you show me this?" he asked.

"It's a contemptible letter? It's unworthy the faintest consideration."

"Well, would you cowhide a man whose words were unworthy of consideration, Eric? Think over that. Keep away from him tomorrow, and come to us. Here's another note."

And the general sauntered out into the sunshine to chat with the gathering officers and to smile kindly and genially at the men, who never seemed to tire of rendering honors to their colonel's friend. He thought to give Langdon time to read his own letter, but little was needed. The dainty note when opened contained but the single word:

"Don't."

That night in the crowded station at Oakland pier the home-going Washoes seemed bent on raising the roof. Two special trains were there to whirl them away to the mountains. Their few belongings were stored

aboard, but the word had passed that Langdon was there to see them off, and the rascals wouldn't go. Out they piled on the platform, shouting like mad, and surrounded him in tumultuous acclaim. They had hoisted him on a baggage truck, and there was only one way to silence their clamor; that was to speak. On the gallery and stairway stood a throng of people, men, women and children, sympathetic witnesses of the stirring scene, Melville and his wife in their midst, Ethel Grahame, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes and with hands that trembled as they clasped the rail, bending forward as though she would not lose a word. Instinctively and as of old the Washoes hushed at his uplifted hand.

"I could not speak to you to-day," he said. "I cannot do you justice now. Your faith, your loyalty, your—yes I dare say it—your affection I prize beyond all power of words to tell you, and the sorrow of parting would choke my utterance did I not know that we who have served so closely together as soldiers in the year gone by are to live together as friends and comrades and fellow-citizens of a beloved state, please God, for many a year to come."

Another uproarious cheer broke in upon and drowned his words. Railway officials were striving with all their power to herd the enthusiastic crowd aboard the cars. Regimental officers no longer exerted authority. Melville it was who settled the question. "We haven't a moment to spare if we're to go with this boat, Eric," he whispered, as he grasped his arm and then led him away.

A moment later the huge ferryboat was sending a foaming rush of moonlit waters sternward against the receding piers. The passengers, as was their wont, were gathered within the glass enclosed "saloon" of the upper deck, some few braving the breeze toward the bows, but Langdon stood gazing back over the seething flood and the fast dimming lights of the ferry house, his eyes

on the last vestiges of the regiment, scores of whom had chased after him for a final cheer, his thoughts going back over the year of active service, of battle and campaign, he and those brave lads had spent together. But little by little the gaze relaxed and turned, following his heart, to the girl standing silent there at the rail. She was listening, breathless, to the cheers and farewells. She had marked the deep emotion in his eyes and in those of the tried and trusty comrades now fading from view. Stealthily, silently Mrs. Melville had led her general within doors and told him the night air was too raw for a wounded veteran.

"How about Eric?" queried the general, with twinkling in his eyes.

"Leave him to—Ethel," was the answer of superior wisdom.

And so, ten years after the sad events that sent him adrift upon the world, Langdon turned, as the last faint cheer followed them across the racing waters, marked her as she stood like one absorbed—entranced, threw one quick glance about him, then as quickly stepped to her side and seized within his own firm grasp the slender hands that were trembling at the rail. Then she, too, gave one startled look, saw that they were alone, and even under the pallor of the moonlight her brow flushed crimson. Lids and lashes drooped and veiled her swimming eyes, for the woman in her told her that, without a word, she stood confessed in the presence of her master, even though that master were looking imploringly into her downcast face, and the voice that stilled or swayed at will those hosts of stalwart men, was trembling in its plea, adoring and passionate, for the love he craved in answer to that he so long had given. What was there left for her to say? Her lips moved—but he heard not. Eagerly he bent, lower, lower still, and then shyly, at last, they were upraised and—told him.

THE END

ON JAPANESE PAPER

By THOMAS WALSH

The while afar the ancient crows intone
Hoarse incantations 'mid the marshes' blight,
A spectre moon steals up the void alone
With but one star to prove that it is night.



Rose & Sands photo.

Bruce McRae.

Julia Marlowe's leading man.



Eleanor Robson.

BONITA, in "Arizona."



Paul Kester.

Author of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

"ARIZONA," by Augustus Thomas, a drama that made acquaintance with the country at large last year, bids fair to last for several months in New York. Audiences of the first few nights were particularly enthusiastic over the piece. The critics rated it as melodrama, yet melodrama of the first class. Some seemed to think that "Arizona" is not so true a picture of a locality as were "Alabama" and "In Miz-zoura," by the same author. It has been remarked also that "Arizona" does not reach so lofty a level of literary excellence as other plays by Augustus Thomas. His "New Blood," for instance, evoked the enthusiasm of the higher critics, but the people wouldn't go to see the play. The truth is that in "Arizona" the playwright has used more artfulness than art. He has seized upon the glamor of ranch life and of life at a military post to make the color of his play; and he has contrived an over-intricate plot from which to evolve situations of high stress. None of the characters is a revelation; none is peculiar to Arizona alone, but all are handled with the consummate craftsmanship of so practiced a maker of plays as Augustus Thomas. He might have built a drama on "Arizona" that would have been more faithful to the locality. It would

probably almost have satisfied the connoisseurs. But "Arizona" was evidently written to secure audiences, and it gives every promise of accomplishing this purpose. The cast is exceptionally well selected. Many of the company are favorably known in New York. But Jane Kennark, as *Estrella Bonham*, and Eleanor Robson, as *Bonita Canby*, were both rather new to this city, and both made an excellent impression. Later Eleanor Robson, who is a very promising young woman, will assist Mrs. Le Moyne in her Browning performances.

If Robert Louis Stevenson had lived to see the play Otis Skinner has founded on a few incidents of "Prince Otto," he would, no doubt, have been disappointed, as most novelists are in like circumstances. But the share of royalties that would have been due to him might have been something of a consolation. The best that can be said of "Prince Otto" in play form is that a trace of the rare flavor of Stevenson's style is discernible in a romantic drama that seems to be as good as the average sword and high-boot article. You could not utterly efface the charm of Stevensonian English even if you used it to advertise rubber heels. As for the play, people will go to see it just as they go to see "Richard Carvel," "The

Pride of Jennico," "Rupert of Hentzau" and the others of the same stripe. Literary forecasters have been hinting that the day of the "historical novel" is over for this period. They may be right; the day for the play drawn from such novels, however, is at noon. The stage moves so much more slowly than the printing press. "Richard Carvel," the play, is presented several months after the boom of the novel has shrunk. To be sure, the book will have a revived sale on account of the play. It takes a long while to make a play from a novel, although a good many dramas from novels act as though they had been constructed with a dynamo-driven scissors and an automatic glue-pot. The painting of scenes and the making of costumes are also slow work. Finally, the shrewd manager does not always put a novel into the drama incubator as soon as the announcement has been flared abroad that he has secured the stage rights of such a novel. Rather, he waits until he is sure the novel has made a real hit.

John Drew has made a hit as *Richard Carvel*, and the success is due to the actor's personal popularity, his splendid acting and to the rich mounting of the play. The best method of finding out just what real ore lies in a novel is to put it into the shape of a play. It is true the method is an expensive one. But "Richard Car-

Henry E. Dixey.

Starring in "The Adventures of Francois."
The jester making faces in his booth.



Rose & Sandy photo.

vel" will last John Drew easily throughout this season, and will gather a goodly grist of receipts for Charles Frohman. Further than this it will be a great satisfaction for the few not included among the uncountable thousands that have read "Richard Carvel" to see just how little they have missed. It is to be hoped now that John Drew will not make a run on so-called romantic plays as James K. Hackett has done. There is no doubt that Hackett's art has suffered by continued indulgence in sword and castle plays. There's no great demand on the actor in plays made from fifth-rate classics after the manner of Stanley J. Weyman, who is after the manner of the Wizard of the North. Five years of the same magniloquent absurdities and the same heroic posturings must have retarded an actor even greater than Hackett might have become. Theatre-goers also need a tonic for the castle and sword play tendency, perhaps such as might be gotten out of "Tartarin de Tarascon," in the form of an excellent comic opera.

The English dramatist, vaguely known as Captain Robert Marshall, who last year gave us the delightful "His Excellency, the Governor," has achieved another success in "A Royal Family." This fantastic comedy is conceived somewhat in the vein of Anthony Hope's Ruritania creations, and is written with a briskness



Stein photo.

Emma Janvier.

In "All on Account of Eliza."



Rose & Sands photo.

William F. Courtenay.

Juvenile in Daniel Frohman's Stock Company.



Rose & Sands photo.

Maud White.

MARY HORNECK, in "Oliver Goldsmith."



Ysobel Haskins.

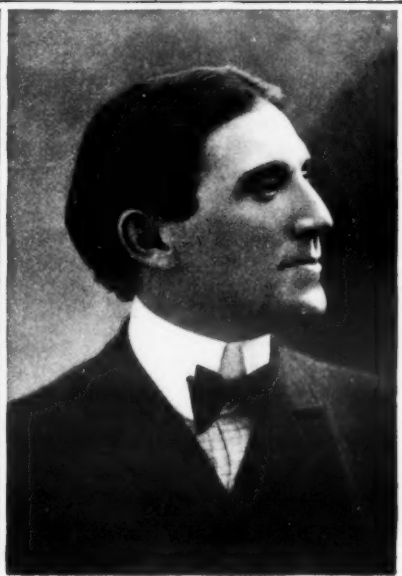
MRS. LEROV, in "Caleb West."



Chickering photo.

May Buckley.

BETTY, in "Caleb West."



Sarony photo.

J. H. Benrimo.

CALEB WEST, in the play of that name.

and wit almost Gilbertian. The scene is laid in the imaginary kingdom of Arcacia, and the plot hinges on the marriage of *Princess Angela* to a certain *Prince Victor*, of the imaginary realm of Kurland. This marriage must be contracted as it is the only means to prevent war between the two countries. But the *Princess* refuses to hear of it because she has never seen *Prince Victor*, and she knows she would not like him if she did. The much-desired event is finally brought about by the wily maneuverings of the *Cardinal Casano*, who con-



Meynard photo.

Brandon Tynan.

CHARLES FOX, in "Richard Carvel."

trives to have the *Princess* meet *Victor* as a *Count Bernadine*. Naturally, she falls madly in love with the *Count*, and she makes known her mind to marry him no matter what be the fate of Arcacia and Kurland. At the betrothal scene she learns that the man she loves is just the man everybody has been beseeching her to marry. Annie Russell is particularly happy in the part of the *Princess Angela*. So many plays have been written for this charming actress which have proved hopelessly unsuitable that after her great success in "Miss Hobbs" last

year, and the confident future of "A Royal Family," it begins to look as though luck is coming her way.

Our usual Parisian farce, with the usual characters and complications, comes to us this season under the title of "The Husbands of Leontine." The title tells you at once that the farce is not from the pen of a dramatist of the symbolistic school. Such plays are the funniest entertainment imaginable if you are young enough the first time you see them. But after you have seen two or three, and you are growing older and wiser all the time, you begin to wonder why you find them more dull than last week's paper. No form of dramatic entertainment is so generally rebuked or neglected by the critics. Some attack it on the score of morals; others are just tired of the Parisian



Each photo.

Jerome Sykes.

FOXY QUILLER, in the opera of that name.



Savory photo.

Clara Lipman.

ELIZA, in "All on Account of Eliza."

farce and scarcely notice one. Nevertheless, people keep on paying to see these pieces. The audiences, no doubt, are made up largely of New York's floating population. We all know the out-of-town cosmopolites that sweep into New York with the same expectations New Yorkers have in descending on Paris. The saving grace about such productions as "The Husbands of Leontine" is that they are generally played by the most skilful comedians. E. M. Holland and Fritz Williams have appeared in no other plays for several years. Isabel Irving, whose place in John Drew's company has been taken by Ida Conquest, has joined Holland and Williams in "The Husbands of Leontine." It seems unfortunate, though, that such good people should have to spend so much of their time on plays that, impartially considered, amount to really so little. The curtain raiser to "The Husbands of Leontine," is a one-act fantasy founded by

Basil Hood on a tale of Hans Andersen. "Ib and Little Christina" is the title of this one-act piece, which is as far removed from the Parisian farce as Shakespeare is from Weber & Fields. Nevertheless, "Ib and Little Christina" has made a very favorable impression. The only fault is that the cast is hardly equal to the imaginative tone of Basil Hood's work.

Weber & Fields have a new success in their double burlesque called "Fiddledee" and "Quo Vas Ist?" The first part uses the Paris Exposition as a background; the second, of course, is a travesty on the "Quo Vadis" mania of last spring. The Rogers Brothers have a new farce by John J. McNally called "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park." This medley of fun, song and dance turns on the conceit that the Rogers Brothers buy a tract of land in Central Park, Missouri, believing their purchase to consist of a slice of Central Park, New York. The Agoust Family, an importation from Paris with a name made in Germany, are to appear in a farce, the main novelty of which is the serving of a res-



Sarony photo.

Isabel Irving.

Leading in the "Husbands of Leontine."



Rose & Sands photo.

Judith Hathaway.

MRS. FALCONER, in "The Choir Invisible."

taurant dinner in juggler fashion. Peter F. Dailey, who has left room in the company of Weber & Fields for De Wolf Hopper, is starring once more in a farce from the German called, "Hodge, Podge and Company."

They are having a mild epidemic of Nell Gwynne plays in London. We may look for the contagion on our stage late this season or at the beginning of the next. One of the plays, called "English Nell," was recently produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre and with equivocal success. To American theatre-goers the point of interest is, that the title rôle was played by Marie Tempest, our famous Dresden China prima donna of comic opera in faraway days. The next Nell Gwynne play—for there are others to be heard from—is entitled "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." This play was written for Julia Neilson by Paul Kester, one of our own dramatists. Mr. Kester did some good work in adapting foreign pieces last year for the John Blair Course of Modern Plays, and has written several original plays of certain merit.